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# PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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## THE BOY EXPLORERS; DR. ABANDONED IN THE LAND OF ICE.

By CAPT. THOS H. WILSON.  
AND OTHER STORIES



The brave fellow dashed forward, his ax uplifted and a fearless look in his eye. Dick followed, and the two boys quickly attacked the huge brute, one on each side. Harry smote him on the head, and for an instant the animal was stunned.



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# **PLUCK AND LUCK**

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## **THE BOY EXPLORERS**

### **OR, ABANDONED IN THE LAND OF ICE**

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON

#### **CHAPTER I.—The Catastrophe on the Forward Deck.**

A dull, leaden, cheerless sky hung low over the ice-strewn seas, through which a vessel was manfully plowing her way, bound to the north. On the quarter-deck stood the captain, dressed in furs from head to foot, rapidly giving his orders.

"Get up those topsails and shake 'em out full!" cried the captain. "Mind how you head there! Come, come! Lively there, all hands!"

The men forward seemed disinclined to work, and it was evident that trouble was brewing.

"Mr. Fuller, why don't you send your men to their stations?" cried the captain, angrily. "We must get sail on the vessel if we ever expect to get out of this ice."

"I am afraid we can't carry topsails, sir. The masts won't stand them, and besides, the men wish to turn back."

"Up with the topsails at once, or I'll have every man who disobeys put in irons!" and the captain sprang down upon the main deck. "Who commands this vessel—they or I?"

"You do, of course," said the other, who was the first mate of the vessel; "but you must remember, Captain Wilder, they outnumber us, and—"

"If there were fifty to one I would be obeyed!" said the captain, in a determined tone. "Harry!" to a bright young sailor standing near, "go below and bring me my rifle!"

The boy disappeared at once, and the captain, without waiting for his return, strode forward.

"Now, then!" he cried, fiercely, "am I to be obeyed or not? Up with those topsails, or I'll put every man in irons!"

The men looked surly and refused to move, when some of those standing aft obeyed the order and quickly ran up the rigging. The topsails were up on the main and mizzenmasts, but not on the foremast, it being the duty of the men in the port watch to attend to them. At last a ruffianly looking fellow stepped out and said, glancing at his companions:

"The foretopmast won't stand topsails in this weather, captain, and we're foolish to go further north anyhow, when—"

"What right have you to dictate what shall be done on this ship?" demanded the captain, an-

grily, striding up to the man. "Who are you, that you—"

"My mates think the same, sir, and we think our lives are as precious as—"

"You will attend to your duties or hear from me, my man. Shin up aloft there, you and four or five more, and help those lads. Can't you see that they can't do the work alone?"

"I can't do it, captain. It'll be the ruin o' ther ship, and —"

"You can't, eh? You mean you won't!" and the angry master struck the man a blow in the face with his gloved hand that felled him to the deck.

The others were about to rush to their comrade's assistance when the young sailor put a rifle into the captain's hands.

"Stand back, or I'll shoot the first man who advances!"

The men stood irresolute, glaring at the skipper, none attempting to take the first step.

"Now, then, up with you, half a dozen of you, or I'll shoot the first man who disobeys!"

The most of them obeyed, and ran up the rigging to help those who were already there. The topsail was set and sheeted home, the vessel bowling along under the extra canvas and seeming to move more steadily than at first. She was an American bark of moderate size and was bound on an exploring trip to the north, her captain, John Wilder, having already had considerate experience in Arctic waters. The vessel had been fitted up by private enterprise, and both the captain and the mate, Mr. Fuller, were sanguine of making many new discoveries in the North even if they did not discover the Pole.

They had reached a very high latitude, being in Kane Sea and speeding up towards Kennedy Channel when the evidences of insubordination that had been noticed for some time became more apparent. Captain Wilder had called all hands to put up the topsails in order to increase the vessel's speed so as to the sooner carry her beyond the masses of ice that impeded her progress, when a part of the crew refused to obey his orders. The captain acted promptly, and the incipient mutiny was cut down, for a time at least. The men came down from aloft, and the captain returned to the quarter-deck. The ship bowled

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merrily along over the ice-clad waters for a considerable time, when a sudden violent squall arose without the slightest warning. The weather backstay on the foretopmast was suddenly carried away, and the mast itself came tumbling down towards the deck. The captain sprang upon the main deck, ran forward, and cried:

"Cut away there, clear everything, and let the mast down on the run! Lively now, and get that mast over the side!"

Two men ran aloft, one with a hatchet to cut the rigging, and the other with a heavy marline spike slung about his neck by its lanyard. The captain was standing alongside the mast looking up and directing the men what to do. He suddenly lowered his eyes and turned his head to give an order to the helmsman. On the instant, as if by accident, the man with the marline spike suddenly lost his implement, which fell from his hand and dropped, point down, toward the deck. Before anyone could cry out the pointed end of the heavy iron had struck the captain directly on top of the head, cutting through the fur hood of his thick coat, through hair, skull and brain, passing down into his body with lightning speed. In a second the unfortunate man fell, an inert mass, upon the deck, dead, killed instantly. A cry of horror went up from many of the men, the mate hurrying forward to see if anything could be done. The cause of the tragedy was for a time forgotten.

"Who let that marline-spike fall?" presently asked Mr. Fuller, when the body of the captain had been carried into the cabin.

No one knew, nor did anyone know who was aloft at the time. The wreck of the topmast was cleared away, and the vessel put before the wind.

"I am now the master of the bark," said Mr. Fuller, "and as such I intend to carry out Captain Wilder's intentions. We shall proceed on our journey to the north."

"You'll never get there, sir," muttered the former second mate to the new captain. "The men are greatly dissatisfied, and if you are wise you will put back at once."

## CHAPTER II.—Another Disaster.

The men had come aft in a body and were ranged in two or three lines before the cabin doors.

"Well?" said Captain Fuller, knowing that something was coming.

"We have made up our minds, sir," said a big, brutal-looking man, stepping out from the first line, "not to go any furder north, and you can see for yourself that everything is agin it."

"Go forward, I tell you. We all joined the vessel knowing whither she was bound, and I shall not turn back now."

"But I tell you that the whole ship's crew is again it, there ain't a man that's willin' to—"

"You're wrong, there are plenty who are willing to go on this voyage," cried the young fellow, Harry Rawdon, separating himself from the rest. "I am one of them."

"And so am I!" said another young man, not quite as old as his companion.

"Good for you, Dick! I knew you would stick up for the right."

"Yes, and so will I."

"Count me in on that."

"You ain't got things all your own way, Hi Cutter."

Three or four men took their places alongside the two boys, and Captain Fuller at once said:

"If there are any more who are willing to stand by me in this, let them come forward. I was sure that you were not all willing to abandon the undertaking upon which we are bound."

"Ay, ay, sir! here's more of us," and two sailors joined the little party, which now consisted if eight in all.

"I am glad that there are so many," said the ex-mate, who was disappointed at not seeing more, but strove to conceal it, "but I am sure that there are more. Come, men, be honest and step out. Who will stick to the ship to the last?"

"We're all going to do that," said Cutter, "but not to go north."

"No, that we won't!"

"Turn back, or we'll take things into our own hands."

"Mr. Bullard!" cried the captain, "you are certainly not in sympathy with—"

"But I am, though," answered the former second mate, a man fully as unprepossessing as Cutter himself. "I told you it was dangerous to oppose the men."

"Hooray for Cap'n Bullard!" cried Cutter.

"Down with the tyrants what wants us to chuck away our lives!" cried a man at his side.

"Yes, down with 'em!"

There was a sudden, preconcerted rush for the cabin, and it was at once seen that those who were opposed to the captain were armed, while those who were his friends had nothing with which to defend themselves. The mutineers were armed with marline spikes, knives, iron belaying pins and even pistols. The new captain was armed with revolvers, and he at once leaped in among the mutineers and began firing. In another instant some one struck the captain down from behind. He fell to the deck, and for a few moments there was great confusion. Several shots were heard, but the smoke was too thick to allow an outsider to see who had fired them. Then the two boys, the boatswain and cook, and two sailors, rushed toward the group around the captain, and the fight began anew. The mutineers were too strong for their opponents, and the latter were speedily driven back.

"Hurrah for Cap'n Bullard!" shouted Cutter, and a score of lusty voices echoed the shout. Dick and the boatswain fell back toward the gallery, while Harry, the cook, and a sailor hurriedly retreated to the cabin. Harry hurried into Captain Wilder's room and secured a brace of pistols which he had seen there on his last visit, supplying himself also with several rounds of cartridges. Secreting the weapons and ammunition upon his person Harry returned to his companions just as Dick Sanford, his particular chum and a member of his watch, came hurrying down the companion-way.

"Mr. Fuller is mortally hurt and cannot live more than a few hours at the most," the boy announced, excitedly. "Bullard has control of the ship and is captain."

"He can't be as long as Mr. Fuller lives," said Harry.

"At any rate, he calls himself so, and he has already altered the position of the vessel."

At that moment Mr. Bullard, now captain of the bark by right of possession, came running down into the cabin.

"What are you doing here, you lubbers?" he cried in a hoarse voice. "What business have sailors in the cabin? Get out of here, or I'll break your stupid heads!"

The boys returned to the deck where they saw Mr. Fuller lying unattended, still conscious, but very weak and unable to rise.

"Come, Dick, let us see if we cannot get him into the forecastle," said Harry. "He must not be left here like this. Hallo, Tom Bilger, give us a lift, won't you?"

"Surely I will," answered the boatswain, and he and the cook helped the boys to raise the body of the dying man from the deck.

"Here, you can't take him in the fo'castle!" growled Cutter. "He'll be bad luck. Put him in the cabin. Who told you to interfere, anyhow?"

"You're a brute, Cutter!" cried Harry. "Any man that would refuse to aid a dying man is no better than—"

"Take care what you say, young feller, or it'll be the wuss for you," growled the sailor.

At that moment Bullard came on deck.

"What are you doing?" he demanded, roughly.

"Taking Mr. Fuller to the cabin," answered Harry.

"You'd better mind your own business. Put the body down!"

"You surely won't refuse the man the comfort of his stateroom for a few hours?" asked the boy. "I did not think you were as bad as that."

For answer the man struck at Harry and would have given him a cruel blow had not the boatswain quickly interposed. In the scuffle, however, the body of the dying man fell to the deck.

"See here, you lubbers," roared Bullard, looking fiercely at Harry and Dick, "you fought against me just now, didn't you?"

"I fought for right and for the good of the ship," answered Harry, firmly, "and I always mean to."

"You do, eh? Well, you won't have much chance to do so now," returned Bullard with an evil smile. "Hello, there, get a boat ready!"

### CHAPTER III.—Set Adrift.

Three or four sailors sprang to the starboard rail and began throwing down the falls from the davits, getting out the oars and making ready one of the boats. Harry looked on at these preparations without seeming to understand their meaning.

"Now, then, if there's anything particular you want to take with you, you'd better get it," said Bullard, "for you're going ashore."

"My God!" cried Harry, the whole terrible situation dawning upon him; "you are not going to abandon us to the mercy of these frozen seas!"

"I said I'd put you ashore and so I will," laughed Bullard, cruelly. "That is, you'll reach the shore some time, I suppose. You're welcome

to the boat, for I can't afford to send any of my men to fetch it back. Now, then, are you ready with that boat?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" growled Cutter. "She's all ready to lower!"

"Let her down even with the rail."

"Ay, ay, sir! Hoist and swing, my jolly boys!"

The boat descended as far as the top of the rail when Bullard said:

"Put Fuller in, a couple of you. We've no use for half dead men on board."

"But the man is dying now," cried Harry, "and to expose him to the perils of a voyage to land in an open boat means to shorten—"

"Shut your mouth, you lubber!" roared Bullard, aiming a blow at the boy's head.

Bill Flipper, the cook, caught the blow on his arm, and said:

"Hit a feller of your own strength, Jock Bullard. The lad's right, and it's a sin to treat a dying man in the way—"

"You'll go with him, Bill Flipper, to take care of him," rejoined the other. "I reckon you won't be long behind him, and a good riddance to you both, I say."

Harry and Dick stood together near the rail, their hands clasped, gazing into each other's eyes, but uttering no sound. To be set adrift in an open boat they knew not how far from land, and a most desolate land at that, could mean nothing short of death, not immediate perhaps, but certain and long delayed. They read no pity in the tyrant's eyes, and realized that all appeals would be in vain. Such as they could have no place on the ship with such as he, their presence being a menace to his peace of mind while at sea, and his condemnation when he should come to land. They had no part in his crimes and would expose him as soon as an opportunity offered, therefore they must be put out of the way of doing so, and this they understood as well as though the man had told them in so many words.

The body of the half-conscious mate was lifted up and laid in the bottom of the boat, and boatswain throwing a tarpaulin over it.

"Now!" hissed Bullard, "in with you, Rawdon, Sanford, cook, boatswain, Harris and Wingfield, six of you, just a pleasant company. Lower away, boys! In with you now, you lubbers, or it'll be the worse for you."

"Is there no food nor water to be given us, sir," asked Harris. "You wouldn't set us adrift with—"

"If you're not in by the time the boat reaches the water you will have to swim for it," snarled Bullard, "for we'll chuck you overboard after that. Lower away, I tell you!"

"Aye, aye!" and the men began to lower the boat as rapidly as possible.

The two sailors sprang in and then the boatswain, pushing the two boys ahead of him, muttered:

"In with you, lads. We're not so badly off as that brute imagines. I opined that he'd do something like this."

The boys were over the side and in the boat before she reached the water, the boatswain following close behind. The cook came last, having gone to the galley whence he soon appeared carrying a canvas clothes bag slung over his shoulder.

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"Here you go," he cried, dropping the bag into the boat and following it immediately.

As he was going down the side, Bullard ran to the rail, rifle in hand, and cried out:

"Unhook the falls, you fellows, and push off, or I'll put a bullet through one of you."

Harry sprang up, pistol in hand, and answered:

There are two of us that can do that, Mr. Bullard. Put down that gun, or you are a dead man!"

"Confound you, you young dog, do you dare—"

"Drop it!" cried Harry, aiming at the man's head.

Bullard stepped back, muttering curses under his breath, and at that instant the cook himself cast off the falls. The two sailors pushed off, and Harry, standing in the stern, kept Bullard covered.

"A good riddance to you!" sneered the usurper.

"We are going whither the ruler of sea and land wills," said Harry, in a loud but perfectly distinct voice, "and if we perish, our blood will be upon your head. Look to it, Jock Bullard, that you do not meet a similar fate!"

"Shoot the young dog!" hissed Bullard, turning white. "Here, Cutter, somebody, shoot the lubber!"

"Not if I know it," cried the cook. "If Cutter shoots you'll get a bullet in you, yourself, so look out!"

There were no shots fired, and the boat was soon out of range.

"It will soon be dark," said Harry. "Does any one know where land is and how far?"

"Steer as near as possible to the east," said the mate, in a feeble voice, not having spoken before. "It is nearest to land in that direction."

"It's easy enough to say that, sir," said Bilger, the boatswain, "but there's no compass in the boat, and there's no tellin' one point from another in this leaden sky."

"This way!" said the mate, raising one hand and pointing.

"Ay, ay! Keep her that way, Harry, my lad. Pull hearty, boys. I say, cook, we've got a mast and sail here, and suppose you and me get her up. We'll go faster."

The mast was stepped and the sail raised, after which the boat made good progress, the men pulling as before, but not so steadily. Harry steered in the direction indicated by Mr. Fuller, while Dick trimmed the sheet so that the sail would draw better, and on they flew over the icy seas. When they had been running on the new course for about half an hour the clouds broke away in the west, allowing the setting sun to cast its last beams across their path.

"We are going all right," said Harry, "just as Mr. Fuller said, but I don't see any sign of land yet."

"There it is, away in the distance," said Dick, pointing, "but it is a land of snow and ice, a veritable wilderness."

"Which we will explore if we are spared," added Harry. "We came here to do it, and we must fulfill our mission."

The sun now disappeared behind a bank of clouds, and before the sky grew more black and threatening, the wind increasing in violence.

"Better let me steer a bit, my lad," said the

boatswain at length, "while you lie down and get some rest. It won't do to do too much at a time."

"Is the mate comfortable?" asked Harry, as he gave the tiller to Bilger.

"Reckon he is, lad," murmured the other. "More so than he ever was in this world."

"What do you mean?" whispered the boy.

"That he is dead!"

Through the darkness and the storm the boat sped on, bearing its grawsome freight, those who lived not knowing at what hour they might join their late companion on that shore where he had at last found rest. The wind blew with great force, bringing driving masses of snow with it, and the voyagers were obliged to shelter themselves as best they might from its fury. The sail was kept up, as it sheltered them in a measure from the violence of the storm, and enabled them to make better speed as well as to keep the boat steadier. They all took turns at steering, those at liberty keeping well in the bottom of the boat and covering their faces with their fur hoods, the helmsman being changed about every twenty minutes.

It was found that Flipper, the cook, had secured all the grub he had found at hand and it was in the bog that he had flung into the boat from the deck of the vessel before he got in himself. The wind howled fiercely and the snow which was now falling lodged on mast and rigging. Thus the night passed and dawn was seen to be approaching. As it grew brighter they found the boat, which had stopped its tossing for some time, in a little creek or cove between two huge icebergs. Land was just ahead of the boat's bow. Soon they were able to land on a barren shore. The first duty that was performed was to dig a suitable grave for the dead captain and bury the body. Then they made a fire and partook of a hasty breakfast, after which they divided into two parties to explore inland—the two boys and Wingfield in one and Bilger, the cook, and Harris in the other. Harry and his two partners struck off to the right and Bilger and the two others to the left, it being understood that a shot from either party was to indicate that a suitable place to erect a hut for habitation had been found. Harry's party had not gone a great distance before they struck a cache or cairn which contained clothing and canned goods. It was evident that somebody had been there before them and left the stuff for whoever might stumble upon it and was in need for it.

They found among other things a book belonging to "John Smith, 1865." A shot from Harry's revolver soon brought the other party to join them and great rejoicing followed over the discovery.

### CHAPTER IV.—A Change of Quarters.

"Come on, boys, we must get back to the boat."

Darkness was approaching, a storm was coming on, and having taken what they needed from the cairn, Harry decided that it was best to return.

They hurried on, each having a bundle fastened to his shoulders, Harry and Dick carrying axes, because, being in the lead, they wanted to be armed. The men seemed to look to them in all things, and so the responsibility seemed to rest upon their shoulders, and upon Harry's in partic-

ular, as he was older than Dick. Before long the snow began to fly and Harry urged haste, for although it was still light, the snow might become so thick that it would be the easiest thing in the world for them to lose their way in an instant.

The party had left the cairn behind not more than a quarter mile when suddenly, from behind a great mass of ice, there appeared an immense white bear. He was directly in their path, and to attempt to pass seemed certain death. It was equally hazardous to turn back, with night coming on and a storm threatening. There was no time to be lost in reaching the boat and a shelter.

"Come on!" cried Harry. "Let us have a bold attack and we may win the day!"

Then the brave fellow dashed forward, his axe uplifted and a fearless look in his eye. Dick followed, and the two fearless boys quickly attacked the huge brute, one on each side. Harry smote him on the head, and for an instant the animal was stunned. Then with a terrific roar he dashed at the boy as Dick struck him a second blow. Bilger and the others rushed up, but they were unarmed except that the cook carried a pistol. This he whipped out and fired right at the yawning jaws of the savage brute. Harry, meanwhile, had stood his ground, and as the bear came on he aimed a blow right at his forehead. The bear rose upon his hind legs, struck the axe and sent it flying.

Dick was behind him, however, and now renewed the attack. As the bear rushed at Harry, who was rendered powerless for the moment, Dick brought the axe down upon his head with terrible force. Harry quickly drew his pistol, and as the brute turned upon Dick with an awful roar, he fired. The cook sent in a second shot, and Bilger, recovering Harry's axe, hurried forward. Dick retreated a step or two, but only to give his friends more time to prepare for an attack.

"We gotter have that bear," said Bilger, "for he means food, and clothing, and light, and heat for us."

"We will have him," cried Harry, seizing the axe from Bilger. Then he leaped forward, and both he and Dick struck the savage brute at the same instant. Down he fell, blood gushing from his mouth, and then Bilger rushed in, a long knife in his hand, and cut his throat. In a few moments the bear was dead, and not one of his assailants had been hurt. He was a monstrous creature, and it might have seemed a foolhardy thing for the boys to attack him, but the situation was a desperate one, and there had been no time to think over what was to be done. The bear was quickly skinned, and his hide and fat and some of the flesh made into bundles which the party divided up amongst themselves, leaving the rest of the carcass to the wolves and foxes. They reached the boat none too soon, for the snow had begun to fall so thick and fast that if they had been obliged to be out in it more than a few minutes longer they would have certainly lost their way. They crawled under the sail, which had been spread over the boat, and snuggled down close together in the bottom.

"We've got to find a home as soon as possible," said Harry, "and then explore it."

"Explore it?" cried Dick.

"Certainly. We can never reach habitable lands in an open boat, even if the sea were not

frozen over as it is likely to be, and so we must remain here till some other ship comes to take us home."

"That's quite right," said Bilger, "and if you'll give us a light, Mr. Dick, I'll have a smoke, seein' as I've got my pipe loaded."

"Right you are, bos'n," said the cook. "A pipe's a sailor's comfort, and when he's got a good fire a-goin' in it and can smell the rich smoke curlin' from the bowl, he forgets hunger and thirst and a lot other discomforts, and he's happy. Ye never yet heard a sailor growl when he was a-smokin' of his pipe, Mr. Dick."

They sat there for a long time, chatting, and quite forgot the storm and its discomforts, laying plans for the future and spinning yarns to pass the time. At first they heard the wind howling outside, and now and then a gust would drive under the canvas, but by degrees the sound decreased, the snow no longer drifted in upon them, and the place became fairly warm. At last the two boys fell asleep in their corner, and before long the two sailors followed their example, leaving the boatswain and the cook to keep watch. All through the night the snow fell, drifting all over and around the boat, keeping out the cold winds and making the place as snug and warm as one could wish. In the morning Bilger dug his way out and cleared a path through the drifts to the water. The creek was not frozen, but there were more floating masses of ice in the water beyond than there had been the night before. When Harry went out and looked around, he said:

"We must get the boat out of the creek, and find a cove on some land-locked harbor where it will be safer than here. Further up the coast we may be able to find such a place, and then when we are more secure we can carry on our explorations of this wilderness, and perhaps even discover the Pole."

The boat was got into the water, the mast stepped and the sail raised, and as soon as they were out of the creek they steered to the north. Indeed that was the only direction they could take, for to the south there extended an unbroken barrier of ice, completely cutting off their retreat had they decided to go thither. For an hour or more they sailed on, and finally found a small but secure cove into which they ran the boat and landed. They found a few stunted trees which they cut down, and with a quantity of moss that they found in a sheltered place behind a ledge of rocks, together with the fragments of wood found in the cairn, Flipper made a fire and prepared the first good meal they had had since being abandoned in the land of ice. After this was eaten they all set off into the interior, there being a high hill in the distance from which Harry declared they could get a better view of the country, and perhaps find a better place for their boat. They were crossing what seemed to be a valley between the foot-hills, when there came a sudden crash, the snow suddenly caved in, and Harry, who was a little in advance of the rest, instantly disappeared from sight.

#### CHAPTER V.—More Adventures.

"Help!" cried Dick. "Harry has fallen down a crevasse!"

"Look out!" cautioned Bilger. "Don't go toc

close, Mr. Dick, till we sound the thing, or you may go in yourself."

"But what made the bottom of the valley fall out like that? I thought it was perfectly solid!"

"There may be the bed of a stream here, and the valley has been filled up with snow, or there's an old glacier hereabouts and the rotten ice gave way and let Mr. Harry down. Go easy now, and we'll see where he is."

"Hello!" came up from the chasm in faint tones.

"Hallo yourself!" called Dick, advancing cautiously and stretching out at full length.

It was firm ice at this point, as Dick tested it before advancing, and the loose snow had fallen from it, leaving it bare. Looking down, Dick's eyes soon became accustomed to the darkness below, and he speedily discovered Harry sitting on a snowbank twenty feet down.

"Hallo! Any bones broken?"

"No, but I took a quicker jump than I generally care to take. What sort of place is this, anyhow?"

"Ancient glacier, Bilger says. How does it look?"

"Rocks and loose stones and some ice. The snow must have covered the top of it completely."

"Well, you ain't anxious to stay down there, are you?"

"No; but it's warmer than you'd think."

"Run back to the boat and get all the rope you can find," said Dick, and the two sailors hastened to obey the order. Then Bilger crept to the edge of the chasm, looked down and muttered:

"You've got to be more careful, sir, or you'll be explorin' places that there won't be no gettin' out of some of these days."

"It's a good thing you didn't fall down here, Bilger," laughed Harry. "You're so heavy that you'd have made a hole clean through to China."

"There ain't no way of climbing up, is there, Mr. Harry?"

"No, for the sides are steep and, besides that, they have been worn smooth by the ice that has passed through here for centuries. I wouldn't dare to say how old this place is."

"And you can't cut no holes for your feet with your axe?"

"No, I haven't any—why, yes, here it is! I thought I'd lost it. I say, Bilger, you couldn't drop down a flask of spirits, could you? Some would go well now, for this isn't the warmest place in the world."

"Couldn't I, then?" growled the boatswain, diving into one of the capacious pockets of his fur coat and producing a flask.

"Here you go, Mr. Harry! You won't miss it, will you?"

"No, indeed. Let it come, Bilger."

The boatswain gave the flask a slight toss, and it dropped right into Harry's outstretched hands.

"That's the stuff I want just now," he said, as he drank a swallow of the liquor, "though any other time I wouldn't care for it."

"Well, I reckon if there wasn't no rum nor brandy in the world that sailor men would be a better lot," said the boatswain, "though I reckon some on 'em would be jest as bad, whether or no."

"One of the wust captains I ever sailed with never touched a drop o' nothin', and yet he was a terror," said the cook. "I used to wish he'd get

drunk some time, just to see if he wouldn't be decenter, but he wouldn't."

Before long the two sailors returned with the rope, and it was let down until Harry called up that he had enough. Then those above moved away from the edge, and the boy presently called to them to haul away. All five took hold of the rope, Wingfield holding the slack and slowly and cautiously Harry was drawn out of the pit into which he had fallen. Once or twice there was an ominous cracking sound, but there was no further mishap, and Harry at last stood on the solid ground and shook hands first with Dick and then with the others. After that they proceeded with more caution, for a second fall might prove more dangerous than had the first. They reached the hill they had set out to climb, and from the summit Harry declared that he saw a much more favorable place for a camp than any they had yet found. They then returned to the boat, which they reached just before dark, but as the sky was clear and there would be a moon, Harry determined to push on at once. They ate a hurriedly prepared meal, and then embarked, the sea being singularly free from ice, and the boat making good progress through it. When the moon came up, round and clear, it showed them their way perfectly, and they sped on under all sail, feeling more hopeful than they had done since they had left the ship. For a long time no ice was met with, although they could see masses of it in the distance, but not in the direction they were going, and as long as they had the moon to guide them they felt perfectly safe. Toward midnight, however, clouds appeared, gaining in size and number till at times the moon would be obscured, coming forth again after a greater or less interval to guide the travelers on their way. Then floating masses of ice appeared, and the men were kept busy pushing their way between them, the channel now and then becoming most narrow and tortuous. At times it seemed as if they could not avoid being pinned between great blocks of ice, which surged all around them, and every one of the party was obliged to exert his utmost strength and agility to prevent such a catastrophe. The time wore on slowly, every moment of it crowded with dangers, but at last, after three hours of incessant toil, the boat glided into more open water, and the boy explorers breathed more freely. By this time the sky had become entirely obscured, and flakes of snow were now and then felt, for it was impossible to see anything except when some mass of ice, larger than its fellows, drifted down upon them, its dazzling whiteness being revealed even amid the black darkness of the night. Hour after hour they were borne on, now in clear water, and then almost crushed by the ice, till at last their boat came to a sudden pause, and they could neither advance nor retreat. The castaways made themselves as comfortable as possible, and waited for the dawn, hoping for the best, and yet half believing that greater dangers were in store than they had feared.

As soon as dawn broke in the east Harry was the first to espy in the distance the wreck of a vessel. As it grew lighter they realized it was the bark that had carried the expedition that the late Captain Wilder had had charge of. It was their old bark, now almost a complete wreck.

What had become of the mutineers, their late comrades? The ship appeared to be deserted, as far as they could see. It did not take our friends long to get their boat out and board it, setting out for the wreck. They carried axes over their shoulders. They left the boat at the edge of the field of ice and started off on foot. As they neared the vessel they shouted their loudest, but no answer came back.

Harry, as soon as he came to the side of the vessel, which was nipped tightly in the ice, mounted to the deck, followed by the others. The only sign of a human being they encountered was one of the old crew, frozen stiff.

#### CHAPTER VI.—A New Establishment—Explorations.

"Well, this ain't so bad, and it's a good deal better'n settin' out there in an open boat, and if we could only get the old barky afloat it 'ud be better still."

"You're right, Bilger, but we can't hope for that, and the vessel is better off there than if she were afloat."

Harry and Dick had been all over the vessel with Bilger, and they had found that while she was badly injured she would still make a good home for the castaways so long as the ice remained firm. There was a bad break between two of her ribs, and some of her seams had been so sprung that if she had been afloat she would have taken in water like a sieve, and there was indeed a depth of a foot or more in the hold probably taken in at the time of the collision with the berg. The ship's boats had all been taken away, besides a considerable portion of her stores, all the bedding and blankets, all the men's clothing, all the rum and spirits, all the tobacco, matches and pipes, the bulk of the preserved meats and vegetables and all the weapons, tools, ammunition, nautical instruments and charts. There was not even a common clock left, the mutineers having thoroughly overhauled the ship before abandoning her, and as neither the boys nor any of the men possessed a watch, there was no means at hand of telling the exact time. The stoves had not been taken away and many of the galley furnishings were still in place as well as the dishes in the cabin, the tables, chairs and standing beds being left as being too cumbersome to take away, doubtless, as well as several casks of beef, pork and flour, the water butts and a barrel of vinegar and two of molasses. Besides the salt provisions and flour, there were several cases of canned goods, which had evidently been overlooked, a barrel of potatoes and a half barrel of onions, many of the latter being spoiled, however, on account of having been exposed.

"Well," said Harry, when the inspection was over, and he knew just what there was to depend upon, "there hasn't been much left, to be sure, but there might be a good deal less, and we may be thankful that there is so much."

The party determined to occupy the cabin and it was made habitable at once, bunks fitted up, doors and windows made secure, fires lighted, the pantry stocked with provisions, and everything done that was possible to add to their comfort.

The body of the sailor was taken out upon the ice and buried, for the castaways could not refuse the man that last office, even though they had suffered on account of what he and the men with him had done.

"There must have been water somewhere near the ship when the men left it," said Harry, "as otherwise they could not have taken away so much. It is most likely that they provisioned the boats and set sail for Baffin's Bay, probably escaping the ice which detained us."

"They may have done so," said Dick, "but we don't know how long they have been away, and some of this ice is by no means new. Perhaps we are better off than they after all."

"Perhaps," said Harry, in the grave tone he sometimes used, "but, at all events, we have nothing to do with them now and must look out for ourselves."

The shore being not more than a mile distant, the party made excursions to it and provided themselves with many things that added to their comfort. The way was rough in places, but by increasing the distance somewhat they lessened the trail in reaching land, and before long they had a perfectly defined path, which was easy to follow, the snow that fell from time to time being trodden down, thus making the path as distinct as before. In a little valley not far from the shore was found quantities of moss, and this was made into bales and carried to the vessel to make bedding as well as a protection for the cabin, masses of it being piled up against the bulkheads and on the quarter deck, and then covered with snow to keep it in place. Two or three bears and a number of foxes were killed in the excursions to land and the skins thus obtained were of great use to the castaways, to say nothing of the flesh and fat of the animals. Two weeks soon passed and the castaways were happy and contented in their new home, except that there was always the feeling that they were surrounded by dangers and that the future was to be provided against. The ice was not now liable to break up for several months, and even then the vessel might be carried along with the berg on which it had struck, or remain with it where it now was for years, but there was also the possibility of its being cast adrift, and this event had to be provided against. There was no immediate danger of this, however, and when a week had passed and the ice was more solid than ever, and was daily increasing in thickness, the castaways grew more confident, and strove to improve their condition in every way. Harry devoted himself to the study of navigation, and at times, when the weather was favorable, he and Dick, with one of the men, would make little journeys along shore, going sometimes a considerable distance in the interior, taking notes of all they saw, and keeping them for future reference.

"You'll be a regular explorer one of these days, Mr. Harry," said Bilger, "and no doubt you'll be as much talked about as Dr. Franklin, Captain Kane, and those other fellows."

"I only hope that my explorations may be the means of our making our escape from this desolate land, Bilger," said Harry, thoughtfully. "That will be satisfaction without trying to make myself famous."

Two weeks had passed since the explorers had

returned to the ship, when one day the entire party except Bill Flipper, who was left to get dinner, set off toward shore intending to be gone several hours on a tour of discovery in the interior. Off they started, all in good spirits, Harry and Dick in the lead, the boatswain and two sailors, exchanging reminiscences, just behind them. They struck a due easterly course and after a journey of three hours, entered a region which they had before explored. In advance was a high mountain, bare and gray on its sides and white and glistening at its top.

"From the top of that mountain we ought to get an excellent view of the surrounding country," said Harry, "and be able to make important observations."

"Undoubtedly," said Dick, "and we may as well push on. We can eat our lunch while we are making our observations."

It was half an hour before they reached the foot of the mountain, and another passed before they were half way to the top, the ascent being rough, although they did not meet with much snow and ice.

The exposed situation of the path accounted for this, as it was apparent that the fierce winds of the locality kept this side of the mountain clear, the top being clothed with snow by reason of its great height.

"I doubt if we can reach the top," said Harry at length, pausing on a broad, flat ledge of black rock and leaning against a precipitous wall which rose to a height of several yards just behind, but the view from here is magnificent."

"Yes, if one admires fields of ice and snow, grounded bergs and an utter lack of vegetation," returned Dick.

"There is not an utter lack," said Harry, turning towards the northwest. "I can see several trees yonder, three at least, and I am not sure that—"

"Where do you see the trees, Mr. Harry?" asked the boatswain.

"Over there and—yes, there are human beings there also for I can see smoke arising. There is an encampment of Esquimaux or Indians, possibly, and—"

"H'm! Esquimaux and Indians don't generally have fire enough to make a smoke like that. I see it plain enough. It is smoke sure, thick, black smoke, but I can't think—"

"Can it be a volcano?" asked Dick. "I've heard of such things in high latitudes."

"No, it ain't a volcano, it's too low for that, this here mountain would be a better situation for one—no, it's close to shore and it's low down, but—my word!"

"What's the trouble matey?" asked Wingsfield.

"Take a squint through yer hands, Joe, like it was a spy-glass, and tell me what you make it out. Your eyes are younger than mine, and—"

"I have it!" cried Harry, excitedly. "Those are not trees at all, they are the masts of a ship and she is on fire!"

"A ship on fire!" gasped Bilger. "I knowed that that careless Bill Flipper 'd do suthin' out o' the way if we left him alone."

"No, it is not our ship, that lies quite in another direction, it is a stranger, one caught like ourselves in the ice of this frozen land!"

## CHAPTER VII.—The Cause of the Smoke.

"We can't reach the place before night," said Harry, when half the ascent had been accomplished. "It will soon be dark."

"We shall have the light of the fire to guide us," said Dick.

"But there is no fire, only smoke."

"But there must be a fire if there's smoke."

"True enough, but what I mean is that there seems to be no flame. However, as you say, that may appear when it grows darker."

In spite of the speed which they made it soon became evident that they could not accomplish half the distance to the burning vessel before darkness set in.

Indeed, they only reached the level shortly before that time and after a hurried march of a quarter of an hour the twilight faded out and a season of black darkness set in. There was no light to guide them as they had hoped, and now even the column of smoke was lost to sight.

"Bill Flipper will have to eat his supper alone to-night," said Harry; "but as we have been away before on long expeditions I do not believe he will fret."

They encamped in a small natural depression in the plain in the lee of a mass of scattered rocks, and having dug a hole in the snow were comparatively comfortable. The snow which they piled up high around the sides of the hole kept off the wind, and while two kept watch the others slept. In the morning they started out again, keeping in the same general direction as upon the evening before. It was not long before they saw the smoke again, but it was not till they hours later that they came in sight of the object whence it proceeded. This was a three masted vessel, frozen in the ice of a little cove that set into the shore for the distance of a quarter of a mile, and made a fair harbor.

"She's a whaler, that's what she is," cried Bilger, as they stood upon a bit of rising ground and gazed out to sea; she's a whaler, and they're burning oil on her so's to keep warm, 'cause they can't expect to attract anybody's attention out here."

"Maybe the oil in her hold is on fire," suggested Dick, "and that's what makes the smoke."

"No, for if it were, she would have burned up by this time," said Harry. "They either have no other fuel, or are burning the oil as a signal."

The party pushed on, and before long had reached the edge of the ice. They all joined in a lusty shout, hoping to attract the attention of those on board, as they could see no one stirring. In a few moments a boy appeared on deck, came aft and shouted in a shrill voice:

"Hallo!"

"Hallo, yourself!" shouted Harry. "Is there any one alive aboard?"

"Yes, but there ain't many," replied the boy. "Where'd you come from?"

Before Harry could answer a young girl came out of the after cabin, leaned over the taffrail, and said:

"Won't you come out to us? We need help."

"Certainly;" and Harry and Dick at once ran out upon the rough ice and made their way towards the vessel.

It was not a long distance, but the way was decidedly rough, the ice seeming to have been piled up on edge in every direction, so that it was most difficult to make any progress over it.

"Can't you throw me a line?" asked Harry, when he at last reached the stern. "You're a good distance above the ice."

"Get a rope, Jim," said the girl to the boy at her side. "I'm awful glad you've come. I thought you'd see the smoke if we kept it up long enough."

"Then you knew that we were here?" asked Harry, in surprise.

"No, but I thought some one would come to help us."

"Here you go!" cried the boy, throwing a stout line over the side.

"Have you made your end fast?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"All right; come along, boys!"

Seizing the line and hauling himself up, hand over hand, steadyng himself with his feet against the side, Harry soon reached the mizzen chains, and from there it was no trouble to reach the deck. Leaping over the rail, he met the girl, who had passed between the cabins and the after rail and was standing near the mizzenmast. She was quite pretty, seemed to be about sixteen and was clad in warm woolens with fur boots, cloak, mittens and hood, the boy being dressed in furs somewhat similar to those Harry wore.

"Are you in trouble here?" asked the boy explorer extending his hand. "You have lost your men, perhaps?"

"There's only two men aboard and they are both sick and not likely to live."

"What is the trouble with them?" asked Dick, who had joined Harry. "Not scurvy?"

"No" answered the girl, "but if you will step into the cabin I will tell you all about it. Jim, take the men to the forecastle."

She then led the way to the cabin which was very plainly furnished, and, sitting down at a table, said:

"This is the whaling bark William J. Browning, of New Bedford. My father is the largest owner and I am his daughter Hattie. Jim is my brother and the cabin boy of the ship. He is fourteen and I am seventeen. Our mother is dead and we have been with father ever since she died three years ago.

"We have been out this time about two years and expected to stay out another year, after cruising around to the south of this where the ice would not interfere with us. This is the second season we have been here and we never got caught in the ice before.

"About a week ago we were starting home when we saw whales, and my father lowered the boats and went after them, leaving a shipkeeper's crew on board, but the boats never came back, and we were caught by the ice and only got in here by the merest chance.

"Two or three of our crew were washed overboard and one was killed outright, the two now on board being hurt at the same time. We have tried to do all we can for them, Jim and I, but I am afraid they won't get well.

"The ice froze all around us and we've been expecting that father and the rest would come back, but they haven't, so Jim and I have been soaking the firewood in oil and keeping up a big

smoke in the hope of letting somebody know where we are."

"The idea is a good one," said Harry, "but, here in this wilderness, far beyond the haunts of men it's only those as unfortunate as yourself that you can hope to attract. It is a week since your father left. I am afraid he will never return, neither he nor his men."

"But he said he would," said the girl simply, "and he has always kept his word."

"It is not his fault that he has not kept it now," said Harry, "and I am afraid he never will. So you and your brother are alone?"

"Why, no, you are here," was the answer. "We can't be alone when friends are with us."

"I will try and be your friend indeed," said Harry, thoughtfully.

### CHAPTER VIII.—Unwelcome Visitors.

Having heard the girl's story, Harry told his, and found attentive listeners, the boy Jim in particular taking great interest in the narrative.

"If you're studying navigation and want to know where you are," said he, "Hattie can tell you. She's got it on the chart where we are now, and besides father taught her a lot this voyage."

"I shall be glad to study under your sister, Jim," said Harry, addressing the boy, but directing a wary glance at the girl, while a hot blush suffused his cheek.

"How have you fared for meals on board since you have been alone?" asked Dick, changing the subject. "With so much to do you must have found it a hard matter to get through at all."

"Oh, Jim isn't such a bad cook," said the skipper's daughter, "but we got out of meat, and couldn't get at what is in the hold, and we've been living on gruel and things like that for a day or so."

"Tell the men to break out the hold and get out some provisions," said Harry to Dick, "and let Wingfield get dinner. He is a pretty good cook, I believe. You might start a fire in the forecastle, so as to warm things up a bit."

"All right," said Dick, and he hurried on deck to carry out Harry's orders, leaving his chum alone with Hattie.

The men injured were the steward and cooper, and Harry visited them in the cabin where they had been placed for greater convenience. They were both in a low state, and Harry, although he knew nothing of medicine, saw at once that they had not long to live, and even if they could have had more care than the young girl had been able to give them, the result would not have been different.

"I am afraid they cannot survive," said Harry, when he was again alone with Hattie. "And all we can do is to make them as comfortable as possible while they live. They have evidently received severe internal injuries, and it is only strange that they have survived so long."

"The steward told me himself that he thought he would never get well, and told me what to do for him. I don't think I could have got on at all if he hadn't helped me, and then Jim did a lot. You'll stay on the Browning, won't you, now that you've found us? She must be in better shape than your own ship."

## THE BOY EXPLORERS

"There's no question about it," said Harry. "Yes, I shall be glad to stay, but I think it likely that we can remove our stores here, so as not to be dependent on you for everything."

"You are welcome to all there is," said the girl. "We should have died, Jim and I, if we had been left here alone."

Harry said nothing, but he thought that in meeting this honest, simple-hearted girl he had found a compensation for all the dangers and all desolation of this frightful wilderness of ice. Dinner was ready in an hour, Wingfield proving a competent cook, Jim assisting him considerably and even giving him a few ideas besides setting the table and making the cabin tidy in honor of the newcomers. As soon as dinner was finished, Harry dispatched Bilger and the two sailors to the wreck to inform Bill Flipper of the cause of their delay and to bring him back to the whaler.

Harry and Dick remained on board the Browning and with Jim's help put things in better order than they had been, owing to the lack of hands to do the work. Jim got the supper and they all ate it together in the cabin, Hattie presiding and pouring the tea with quite a matronly air which greatly amused Dick. After the supper things had been cleared away, Dick helping Jim wash and wipe the dishes in the galley, Harry and Hattie looked after the sick men, and then sat in the cabin conversing in low tones, the book spread out upon the table, under the hanging lamp, taking little of their attention, however. Dick and Jim sat in the galley by the fire, and Jim told Dick stories of his life on sea and land, the young sailor listening with as much interest as amusement. Both Dick and the boy seemed to feel that their absence from the cabin at that time would not be noticed and might even be desired, and so they kept aloof enjoying themselves, no doubt, fully as well as the others. The sky was clouded, but at times the moon would peep out, and flood the wide expanse of snow and ice with her silver light. Dick was listening to Jim, and looking out of the galley window at the moon which had just come out when he saw a dark object pass between him and the light.

"Hallo! can Bilger have returned so soon?" he said, springing up. "I heard no hail, did you, Jim?"

Sliding back the door he sprang out and called: "Hallo, Bilger, is that——"

"Ugh!" exclaimed a guttural voice, and a strange figure leaped toward him. At the same moment he saw two or three men with fantastic head-dress and bows slung across their shoulders, appear above the rail.

"Indians!" he cried in great alarm. "Hallo, Harry, Indians!"

The first savage whom he had seen sprang fiercely toward him, but in that instant, Jim, poker in hand, rushed from the galley. The boy attacked the Indian vigorously, and the fellow beat a hasty retreat, uttering guttural cries.

Harry and the captain's daughter came running from the cabin, the boy armed with a revolver which he hastily discharged. The sound seemed to terrify the Indians, for they hastily retreated, leaping over the rail and descending to the ice below with great rapidity. Harry fired a shot or two at them, more with the idea of frightening them off than of injuring them, and

the shots certainly did have the effect of making them retreat to the shore.

"There is nothing so cruel and treacherous as one of these Arctic Indians," muttered Harry, surveying the shore from the quarter deck, and although they have gone away for the time, I fear that they will return and give us trouble."

## CHAPTER IX.—The Siege of the Whaler.

The Indians did return, as Harry had feared. Sufficient time had elapsed, however, for the boys to prepare themselves and not be taken by surprise. It was evident that the savages had been attracted to the vessel by curiosity in the first instance, and then this feeling gave away to their natural cruel, vengeful instincts. The gallery and forecastle doors and windows were locked, the shutters to the cabin windows more firmly secured, the door leading to the cockpit locked, bolted and barricaded, while the doors leading to the main deck were made ready to be closed and blocked at an instant's notice. A tarpaulin was laid over the cabin skylight and heavily battened, and all the available weapons, offensive and defensive, were brought out, the extra ones being laid upon the cabin table after the members of the little garrison had fully armed themselves. Hattie quite won Dick's admiration by the quiet, determined way in which she seconded Harry, and even Jim showed that he had heroic stuff in him by the coolness with which he regarded and entered into all these warlike proceedings.

"If we can hold the scoundrels off till Bilger and the others return," declared Harry, "we shall be all right, but otherwise it will go hard with us, for these savages are the most cruel and pitiless of all the North American races.

"They are deadly foes to Esquimaux and whites alike, and while they despise the one they hate the other, and if we fall into their hands we can expect no mercy."

"Then, if there is nothing left for us but death, either at their hands or our own," said Hattie, firmly, "we will choose the most merciful and take our own lives."

"Yes," said Tarry, with a shudder, "but let us hope that it will not come to that."

Everything being in readiness for the expected return of the Indians, Harry and Dick took up positions on the after deck, one on either side, near the taffrail and watched the shore. They took care to keep themselves concealed, especially when the moon shone, for a savage arrow might search them out when they least expected if they exposed themselves to sight. The rail concealed them sufficiently and they saw nothing of the enemy until a full hour after their first retreat. Then when the moon's light was but fitful Harry saw three or four dark objects move out from shore toward the ship and he judged them to be not single Indians but parties of three or four, perhaps even a dozen.

"They're coming!" he whispered to Dick. "Do you see them?"

"Yes; two or three parties of them. Run toward the bow and see if any are approaching in that direction."

The caution was well timed. Hardly had Harry

reached the bow when he saw a large party approaching the vessel, evidently from one of the points of land that formed the sides of the little cove.

"By George, you're right!" he shouted. "It was a good thing you spoke! Try a shot at the fellows back there if you can. I'll look out for these!"

The Indians, hearing the boy's voice and presuming that they were discovered, made a sudden rush for the vessel. Harry rapidly fired several shots and Jim rushed out from the cabin and supplemented them with others. If any of the savages fell the boys could not tell, for the advancing body seemed as compact as ever and came on with great rapidity. Then Dick fired several shots, and Hattie ran out to hand him fresh weapons, while she reloaded the others. Then a flight of arrows came whistling toward Harry and Jim, but none of them took effect fortunately.

"We'll have to retreat," muttered Harry; "there are too many of them for us to oppose successfully. Run into the cabin, Jim; you can't do any good here."

"I'll fire another shot anyhow," said the boy, aiming at the mass of savages, now not more than thirty feet from the vessel.

There was a howl of rage and in another instant the enemy began swarming up the bow and sides. Harry retreated, called to Dick and Hattie, and hurrying them both inside, dashed in himself and slammed and bolted the doors. They were quickly barricaded with chests, chairs and other articles ready to hand and then the little party of defenders stood before them ready to sell their lives as dearly as possible. A shower of blows fell upon the doors, but they were strong and resisted the attack. Then the rear window was assailed, but this stood the attack as well as the others had. The windows evidently escaped the keen eyes of the savages or else they did not regard them as a means of entrance because no light penetrated through the heavy shutters. At any rate no attack was made upon them, the attention of the savages being concentrated on the two doors. At last one of them yielded, but the attack was renewed and at last one of the panels was driven in and several hideously painted faces appeared. They served as good targets and both Harry and Dick used them as such, each firing two or three shots. An awful chorus of yells arose, but the savages retreated momentarily and Jim closed the breach with a deck bucket, and then piled four or five chairs on top of another behind it to hold it in place. The attack was renewed at this door, and at the same time one was made at the after door, although the space in front of this was not so great as that before the main cabin door. Neither was it so strong, and after a tremendous assault it yielded, carrying with it many of the objects piled against it.

"Drive them back, all hands!" cried Harry, as a number of cruel looking savages prepared to enter the breach.

The rattle of shots was incessant for a few moments, and then as the smoke grew denser and the cries of the frenzied savages more fierce, there was heard a ringing shout that told that help was at hand.

#### CHAPTER X.—Unexpected News.

The newcomers were Bilger and his companions from the bar. Their coming was totally unexpected by the boys. It was well that they came when they did. Otherwise the boys could not have stood out against the Indians. At the very moment that the latter expected to force the cabin doors, the boatswain's party appeared.

"Let 'em have it, bullies!" he shouted, "give the red rascals fits."

Then an indiscriminate firing began. Down went one after another of the savages. Attacked in the rear and vigorously opposed in front, the Indians were mercilessly cut down. Not one of those making the attack from the cockpit escaped. All were shot down without mercy. Then Harry, Dick and Jim rushed out. The boys had recognized the voices of the newcomers.

"Hurrah!" cried Harry. "Help has come at last!"

"Let us join them," said Dick, "and attack the rascals on both sides."

Out swarmed the three boys, shouting and firing. The two parties joined and attacked those of the Indians who still survived. The latter had an idea that their enemies were more numerous than they were. It was the vigor of the boys' attack that produced that impression. Shouting and firing at the same time, the entire party hurled itself upon the Indians. The latter fled in terror, carrying away their wounded, and leaving their dead lying upon deck. They would not have left the dead if they had not been so terrified, as an Indian always secures the dead bodies of his comrades, if it is possible, to save him from being scalped. The explorers fired several shots as the savages retreated, and many of these took effect. Then they caught up the dead bodies and threw them out upon the ice. They had no use for them, and did not want the trouble of burying them. Consequently they were thrown ignominiously from the ship to be recovered by the Indians whenever they thought it safe to attempt it. It was some time before this was done, as the savages evidently feared they would be fired upon. They were not molested, however, and carried off their dead in safety. They were in a wholesome dread of the explorers, however, and did not trouble them after their repulse. At last Harry found time to ask Bilger the questions that he had been dying to ask him for some time.

"How is it that you all returned so soon, Tom?" he asked.

"Well, Mr. Harry, the fact of the matter is we had to."

"Then the old bark broke up, did she?"

"No; she's just about like she was afore."

"Then why did you have to leave her if—"

"Well, there were others what wanted to stay there."

"Others! Then you must have been attacked by the Indians as well as we?"

"No, they was no Injuns; they was a little wuss, if anything."

"Not Esquimaux certainly. They are not as bad as—"

"No, they wasn't them; they was whites."

"Whites!"

"That's just what they was."

"Some of the crew of the whaler, were they, Tom?"

"No, they wasn't."

"Who were they then?" asked Dick, impatiently. "Don't be so mysterious, Bilger. Who were these whites?"

"Wall, Mr. Dick, I was on'y just answerin' Mr. Harry's questions, that's all. He axed me if they was this and if they was that and I had to—"

"Who were these people, I say? Get down to business at once, you provoking old sea porcupine."

"Waal, they was Jock Bullard, Cutter and six or seven of the gang what put us ashore."

"Bullard and Cutter returned?" cried Harry.

"Aye, aye."

"But why?"

"Had to. Fust they quarreled, then their boat upset, then it got smashed."

"And they were forced to return to the bark for shelter?"

"Aye, aye, and with scussly no provisions to speak of, their boat busted and a lot of their men hurt."

"And the bark may break up at any moment."

"Yes, and she ain't over well stocked as you know."

"Then if those brutes know that we are here they will be likely to—"

"To pay us a visit and drive us out. That's just what they will do."

"They must not know it; they must not come here!"

"If they do," muttered Dick, "we must oppose them with all our strength."

"I just want to get a bead on Jock Bullard, just once," said the boatswain, "and if he runs around arter that he's welcome ter."

"And I want to get one good chance at Hi Cutter," said the cook. "Just one good sight of his ugly mug within range will do me."

"Leave them to the justice of heaven," said Harry. "That will surely overtake them some day sooner or later."

"Maybe it will," said Bilger; "but I'd like to hurry it up a bit. The sooner such fellows are got rid of the better it is for the rest of the world."

#### CHAPTER XI.—A Parley With the Enemy.

It was not long before the boy explorers heard from Bullard, Cutter and the mutineers. Two days after the fight with the Indians, the boy Jim who had gone aloft came hurrying into the cabin and cried:

"There's a party of eight or ten men coming over the ice, they have guns and pikes and look as if they meant to attack us."

"What shall we do?" gasped Hattie.

"Do?" echoed Harry. "Fight them of course, if they attempt any violence."

"But there are more than you can fight successfully."

"There are seven of us, and we have the advantage of position."

"We drove off a larger party than when we fought the Indians," said Dick, "and three of us held them at bay for a long time."

"Besides," said Harry, "they don't know but that there is a large party on this vessel. They don't know that we are the only ones here."

"But if they come on board they will discover it."

"They are not coming on board."

"But how will you prevent it?"

"Warn them that they are not wanted, and shoot if they refuse to heed the warning."

"I'd shoot fust and warn 'em afterwards, that's what I'd do," muttered Bilger.

"They may not have any intention of coming here at all," said Dick. "I'll go and see."

Then he ran up on deck and Harry said to Jim:

"My boy, get out all the available weapons and then tell the men to come here."

"Are you going to fight them?" asked Hattie, nervously.

"Certainly I am, if necessary. Do you think I shall let them seize this vessel and do as they like with it? My life and Dick's and those of my men would be of no value if those brutes once gained possession."

"But if we only had a few more, if those poor fellows hadn't died, if father and the rest—"

"They will never return, I fear, and it is useless to think of it. We must call stratagem to our assistance and gain by cunning what we cannot hope to accomplish by force."

"Yes, but how will you prevent their—"

Dick came running down at this moment, saying:

"They are coming our way, Harry, and they are not more than a mile distant now. It is Bullard and his men, beyond a doubt."

Just then the two sailors entered the cabin.

"How many suits of clothes are there in the forecastle, Wingfield?" asked Harry.

"Nigh on to a dozen, sir."

"Rig up as many dummies as you can, and lay them alongside the rail."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"You help him, Harris, and so will the boatswain."

"That I will," laughed Bilger, "and I only wish I could put life into 'em as well!"

"Make the heads look as natural as possible. The rest does not matter. Then get capstan bars, axes, or anything handy, to put in their hands. Then at the right time, we'll stand them up along the rail."

"That's a good scheme," said Dick. "They'll think they're eighteen or twenty of us and we can fly around from one point to another and fire, to keep the thing up."

"The mere show of resistance may be enough," said Harry. "Come, men, get to work at once!"

The young fellow presently went on deck and was soon convinced that the men approaching were Bullard and his party, and that they were making for the whaler.

"There are only eight of them," he mused. "Only two more than our own party, leaving out Jim, and yet perhaps Jim can be depended upon to do as much as any one. If it comes to a fight at close range, I think we shall be able to hold our own. It seems awful to refuse our fellowmen assistance, and perhaps these men need it; the wreck may have broken up, they may be in want of food, but with such as they

the only proper course is to treat them like the wretches they are. I am almost positive that Cutter killed the captain and Bullard gave the mate his death wound, and they certainly abandoned us in an open boat to the mercy of the storm on a sea strewn with floating ice to make our perilous way to land utterly barren, and why then should we show them any less mercy?"

"We should not," said Dick, who stood at Harry's side, unperceived by him until this moment. "They are not to be trusted, and if they once get the upper hand of us we will fare worse than we did before."

"I believe you," muttered Harry in a grave tone. "Ah they are coming on faster, and see, now they are hailing us."

In a few minutes Bullard and Cutter were within hail, and the former shouted out:

"Hallo! where is the captain of that ship?"

"What do you want?" demanded Jim in a gruff voice, stepping up to the rail. "I'm the cap'in. What do you want?"

The boy had put on an extra coat and a big cap, and was muffled to the eyes, and no one who did not know him could fail to be deceived.

"We want to come on board. We have no home and are out of food."

"It's a lie; I don't believe you. I know who you are, and I wouldn't trust you within forty miles."

"But I say, captain," pleaded the scoundrel, "you wouldn't be so hard hearted as to refuse—"

"Yes, I would, so clear out."

"Come on, men," shouted Bullard. "There's only a handful. We'll take the ship whether they like it or not!"

"Now!" hissed Harry, to the boatswain.

Instantly four or five men, apparently, appeared above the rail, followed shortly by others.

"If you try that sort of thing you'll get all you want," growled Jim. "Take aim, fellows!"

"Be careful what you do, Jock Bullard!" cried Harry. "We know you for the scooundrel you are, and if you attempt any violence it will be the worse for you."

"But, Harry," whined the man, "we are starving, the bark has broken up, we have no home, no food. Won't you take pity on us?"

"No!" said Harry, firmly. "You showed us none, and you shall have none. You are murderers, and deserve the retribution that has fallen on you. Beside, I do not believe you, and know that this is but a trick. Go at once or take the consequences."

White with rage, but afraid to attack a force apparently so much greater than his own, Bullard withdrew with his party out of range, and for a time, at least, the boy explorers had the upper hand.

## CHAPTER XII.—Return of the Mutineers.

Night had come and Bullard and his men had given no sign of an intention of attacking the whaler. They had withdrawn to the land and had encamped among a lot of ice hummocks where they were screened from sight. It was evident that they wished the party on the whaler to think that they had gone away entirely, but the thick smoke from their fire, made mostly of fat

and oil, betrayed their presence. At night, however, this was not so easily seen as the sky was somewhat obscured by clouds, making it difficult to see objects at a distance. Harry was determined not to be taken unawares, however, and lights were hung in the rigging which threw a gleam out upon the ice for a considerable distance, thus enabling him to note the approach of any hostile party.

Besides this he kept his party on the watch, the others having orders to come on deck as soon as they should be summoned. Bullard believed the party to be larger than it was, it was thought, but he might attempt to get on board by strategy, and it was therefore best to be prepared. On the other hand, he might have guessed their real strength, but be too cowardly to attack them openly, preferring to wait for darkness before attempting to board. In either case, therefore, it was incumbent upon the explorers to keep a sharp lookout, and this was done. It was during the last watches of the night that Harry feared an attack would be made, however, more than at any earlier period. He was on deck until ten o'clock, and slept from then until two, when he and one sailor and the boatswain took their turn again.

It was bitterly cold, and Harry wore an extra coat besides putting on an extra pair of heavy woolen stockings under his sealskin boots which reached halfway above his knees. It was not only very cold but the wind was most piercing and now and then bore great clouds of fine snow before it, which were not only difficult to face but obscured the vision as well. Harry kept up a constant pacing of the deck forward, and aft and then athwartships, keeping out of the wind as much as possible and occasionally looking toward shore.

"They would hardly venture out in such a wind," he muttered to Bilger, when they met in the lee of the galley, "but still they might do so and it is as well to be prepared for anything."

"You can't trust Jock Bullard and Hi Cutter no more'n you can trust a wolf in a flock of sheep," grunted the boatswain. "I reckon it's the very kind of a night they'd take, 'cause they'd think we wasn't keepin' no watch."

"They'll find us prepared," said Harry, tapping the butt of his revolver significantly.

After two or three more turns up and down the deck, he went to the stern and looked across the ice. Suddenly he seemed to see something moving out on the ice two or three hundred yards from the vessel during the temporary lull in the wind. He looked again, but at that moment there came a terrible gust of wind and snow and he was forced to turn his head from it. When the gust had passed he looked again, but could see nothing suspicious.

"It could not have been anything. I must have simply imagined it," he mused, as he turned away.

A few minutes later as he looked out he was certain that he saw some object rise a few yards and then fall, but before he could determine what it was there came another blinding cloud of snow and he was forced to lower his head. Five minutes later he met the boatswain in front of the cabin door and said:

"Have you noticed anything moving out there on the ice, Bilger?"

"Waal, just now I thought I did, but I reckon t'was only a wolf or a fox or maybe a bear prowlin' round."

"Get a torch and let's see if we can see it now. Hallo, Wingfield!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Light a torch at the galley fire."

The sailor got a stick of resinous wood with a knot in it, lighted it carefully at the galley fire, and then came out with it. He went aft, waved the torch above his head till it blazed up brightly, and then shot a rapid glance out over the ice toward shore. There was certainly something moving out there, and moving rapidly, and it was a large object also.

"Why, it's a lot of men!" cried Bilger.

Then there suddenly arose from the ice, not a hundred feet distant, seven or eight men, who began to run at full speed towards the ship.

"It's Bullard and his men!" cried Harry. "Fire on the wretches!"

Two shots rang out, and in a few moments Dick came running out of the cabin.

"What is the matter? Are we attacked? Who is it?"

Four or five shots were suddenly fired, one of them whistling close to Harry's head, and striking the door leading to the cabin from the cockpit. The cook and Jim came running aft at that moment.

"There's a fire on the ice right aft by the bow!" cried Flipper. "Who set it?"

"Call all hands!" cried Harry.

Wingfield waved his torch and sent it flying through the air, and by the light they could all see Bullard and his men running to get under the shelter of the counter, out of range.

"All hands on deck and shoot down the first man that tries to board us!" roared Harry.

The mutineers were safe because no one cared to go down and face them, but the danger was not over yet.

"What did you say about a fire?" asked Harry of Bill.

"Some one has lighted one right alongside, and there's danger of its setting fire to the vessel. It's in a bad place, because it's sheltered from the wind and can gain more headway."

"It must be put out at all hazards. Can't you dump snow on it?"

"No, 'cause we're a bit keeled over on that side, and it's right under us."

"Then we must go down and put it out before it grows more dangerous."

"Come on," said Dick. "I'll go with you."

"You will only expose yourself to the shots of those scoundrels," cried Hattie, who had suddenly appeared.

"But if I don't the ship may take fire."

"I have a way of putting it out without going below," said the brave girl.

### CHAPTER XIII.—A Fierce Encounter—Strangers.

Hattie quickly unfolded her plan, and both Harry and Dick considered it a good one. If snow could not be thrown upon the fire water might,

and there was a scupper hole right over the spot where the fire was located. The coppers were filled with snow, the fire was set going, and there was soon water enough, it being easy to increase the supply. Pailfuls were poured through the scupper hole and ran down the side of the vessel, soon forming a pool beyond which the fire could not extend. Then more water was poured down, and before long the fire sputtered, hissed, and then went out. While the fire was being extinguished, Harry did not fail to have a watch kept upon the scoundrels under the quarter, as it was very evident that they had meant to divert attention from them so as to surprise those on board.

At the moment that the last spark was extinguished, the darkness being greater by comparison, the young fellow detected a suspicious sound beneath him and peered cautiously over the rail. He was careful to make no sound, and in a few seconds he heard a strange creaking and then a rattling of the rudder chains, as though some one were climbing up by them. He withdrew his head and listened attentively, the noise not being repeated immediately, hoping that none of his companions would join him for a time. Before long he heard the sound again, and then came in a low tone, not a whisper, a few words which he had great difficulty in understanding.

"Can you do it?"

"Yes; come up, the rest of you."

The two speakers were Cutter and Bullard, the leaders of the mutineers, and it was evidently the latter who had already climbed part of the way to the deck.

Harry leaned over the rail, pistol in hand, and said:

"Get away from there, or I'll shoot you! Hallo, Dick—Jim—Tom! Come here!"

While he was speaking the boy thought he heard the sound of breaking glass, which greatly puzzled him. Then he heard the hurried sound of feet, and saw one or two shadowy forms running under the quarter. He fired, but heard no cry, and at that moment Dick and the two sailors joined him.

"What's the mater now?"

"Bullard is trying to get up. If you see him do not hesitate to fire."

At that instant there was an outcry from the cabin and the report of pistols.

"Go see what that is, Dick," cried Harry. "Can it be possible that— Yes, that's it. The scoundrels got in by one of the lower cabin windows."

Dick dashed into the cabin by the rear door, ran into the captain's room, and saw the boy Jim struggling with Bullard. He was afraid to fire for fear of hitting the boy, but he sprang forward and struck Bullard a blow on the head with his revolver. The blow was prevented from doing much damage by the thick hood of the man's coat, but Dick repeated it and called for help. The cook came running in armed with an ax and at sight of him Bullard dashed toward the open window at which the evil face of Cutter now appeared. As Bullard rushed toward the window, Cutter shoved in a pistol and fired, the bullet striking just below the skylight.

"Get out!" cried Bullard, as Dick, Jim and the cook leaped toward him.

Before Cutter had time to get away, Bullard

sprang through the window. Dick ran to it, looked out and fired. There seemed to be considerable confusion below, and he heard the men wrangling and disputing among themselves, Cutter accusing Bullard of trying to break his neck and Bullard declaring that Cutter had meant to shoot him. Dick fired again, the shot being answered by a savage cry, and then the men seemed to be hurrying away in all directions. While this scene had been going on down below, Harry had sent for lanterns, which were hung over the stern, and by their light those on deck discharged their weapons at the fleeing mutineers. Then Dick fired two or three shots, but with what result he could not tell, and having bolted a board over the broken window, rejoined Harry on deck. It could not be ascertained until morning whether any of the enemy had been killed, and it was probable that if any had been hurt their comrades had taken them away.

Harry called out to know if there were any such, but received no answer, and concluded that if any had been hurt, they were not now near the ship. When the daylight came a party went out upon the ice, but although they found traces of blood here and there, they saw no dead bodies and came to the conclusion that there had been none. An hour later, to the surprise of all, two sledges, each drawn by a dozen dogs, and driven by an Esquimau, were seen, and before long the natives, who seemed friendly, came on board.

"You find oder white man, plenty, you come," said one. "Far away, yonder, you find um," pointing to the east.

"You go. We good man, no steal, no cheat, be friend, you come," said the other. "We come bring you, find plenty man."

"It must be father and his men!" cried Hattie, excitedly. "I must go to him!"

"Not without me," said Harry. "Come, Dick, you must join me, and together we will find Captain Browning and explore this land of ice!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Dick Relates A Portion of His History.

By noon the boy explorers were ready to set out upon their strange mission. Hattie could not be induced to remain behind, and Jim also insisted upon going to find his father Harry and the girl accordingly went in one sledge and Dick and Jim in the other, there being no room for anyone else, as each had to have its driver.

"Good luck to you," said Bilger, "and I hope you'll come back with the captain. I'll look out for the ship while you're gone, and if Jock Bullard and Hi Cutter come any more of their nonsense on me, they'll get bullets in their noodles, I can tell 'em."

The young explorers took a considerable quantity of provisions, and, what was fully as important, were provided with nautical instruments and charts, as well as weapons with which to defend themselves. Away flew the sledges across the ice, and along shore for a considerable distance in order to make a good landing place. Bilger and the sailors watched them from the ship till they became mere specks in the distance, and at last disappeared.

"I am afraid that this strange white man will

not prove to be your father," said Harry to his companion, as they sat close together in the bottom of the sledge. "The direction we are going would indicate that."

"Perhaps not," said Hattie, "but still it is possible. We are going North, to be sure, but father may have been rescued by these men and taken north."

In the other sledge, Dick and Jim, well covered up, were doing their best to keep each other company.

"Do you expect to find your father out in this wild country, Jim?" asked Dick.

"I don't know, I am afraid not, Dick."

"It's a sad thing to lose your father, isn't it?

"Yes."

"I never knew mine, Jim."

"Did he die when you were a baby?"

"I don't know if he is dead, I don't know anything about him."

"Don't you remember him?"

"No, nor when I lost him, nor how, nor anything about it. I was found at sea on a raft when I was not more than a year old."

"All alone?"

"There was a dead woman on the raft with me, a negro woman, probably my nurse, but no one else. I was lying in a cracker box, lashed to the raft and nearly dead when I was picked up."

"And you never found out who your father was, nor whether he was lost or not?"

"Not a word. Captain Sanford of the Meteor, the vessel that picked me up, had his wife on board and she nursed me back to life, but there was nothing to tell the name of the ship, nor any name, nor anything."

"And so Captain Sanford was the only father you ever knew of?"

"Yes, and he did not live very long after that, four or five years, that's all—I can just remember him. The letters 'R. S.' were marked on my shirt and he called me Richard Sanford, or Dick for short, but nobody knows what my real name is."

"How did you find out that it wasn't Sanford?"

"Mrs. Sanford told me. She married in two years after the captain died. Her new husband did not like me and drove me away. I kept my name which was all I had, and went out into the world to make my own living. Now Mrs. Sanford is dead and I haven't a soul belonging to me that I know of."

"Perhaps your father is still alive, Dick?"

"Perhaps, but it seems hardly likely. Captain Sanford made inquiries about the ships lost that year and found that there were several whose captains' names began with 'S.' There was Sanders of the Syren, Smith of the Mermaid, Sawyer of the Dolphin, and a few others, but then I may not have been the son of a captain at all. I may have been a passenger."

"That's quite a story, Dick," said Jim. "I hope that you may find your father some day and that you will like him."

"So do I, Jim, but even if I do not I have Harry and you and your sister for friends, and I think I shall get along."

Dick presently put his head out and saw that they were still flying over the snow but they were among hills now, out of sight of sea and approaching a narrow valley which seemed to stretch

a long distance, the end of it being too far away to see. In the distance he could make out a few low, round objects which he took for huts and he had no doubt that this was an Esquimaux village, probably the one whither they were bound. He ducked down under the furs again and told Jim that he thought they must be nearly at their journey's end.

"Then we shall see this strange white man the natives spoke of."

"I suppose so."

But the round objects were merely ice hummocks, and when Dick looked out again they had been passed and the sledges were whirling along the valley between great mountains three or four thousand feet high. At last, when it was quite dark, the sledges stopped and Dick found that they had reached the village, which was a collection of twenty or more igloos built around a large central Igloo in which the head of the tribe lived. A flock of women and children came out to see the strangers, the children, sound, rosy, healthy-looking creatures, showing the greatest curiosity.

"Where is this white man you spoke of?" asked Harry of the driver of his sledge.

"Him no here, him in other village, far, far away, dis way," answered the man pointing to the northeast.

"Then why have you brought us here?"

"Other Innuit tell 'bout white man, me tell you, tink you like know, to-morrer day we go see, p'haps white chief know man, me see."

"Perhaps," said Harry, in a tone of disappointment.

"You got nuff to-day, you get in house, get supper, get fire, get sleep, to-morrow day you go look for white man."

The Esquimaux seemed to be perfectly friendly and treated their guests with all gentleness, giving the boys the use of an igloo to themselves, while Hattie went into that of the chief woman of the tribe, who, although she spoke no English, made the girl feel that she was her friend and could be trusted.

"Well," said Harry, "we are a long way from the ship and among strangers, but I can't say that they are not our friends. All we can do is to keep together and at the first sign of treachery, fight our way out. Perhaps, however, we shall really meet this man and learn more of this strange country than we ever dreamed of."

"And perhaps ever discover the North Pole!"

"Who knows?" said Harry, gravely.

#### CHAPTER XV.—Attempting the Impossible.

"We are a long way further north than I ever thought I should get, do you know it, Dick?"

"Are you sure that your calculations are correct?"

"Certainly. They are, aren't they, Hattie?"

"Yes, I am sure they are. I don't see any mistakes in the figures."

Harry and his companions had left the Esquimaux village after a stay of a day and had gone to another many miles up the valley, and here, the day after their arrival, Harry had taken an observation assisted by Hattie, who knew considerable about navigation and had greatly aided the young fellow in his studies.

"This valley isn't down on any of our charts either," said Harry, "and the men say that it extends a long distance. We must explore it, for I feel that we shall make some great discoveries in this strange land."

The strange white man whom the natives had spoken of was not found in this village; the men had only heard of him as living in one many leagues distant. The men offered to provide a guide, and Harry determined to accept his services.

They remained two days among the villagers and then set out up the valley, the mountains growing higher and more precipitous as they advanced. The period of daylight was much shorter than it had been, and as the season advanced and they kept on toward the north, they would finally lose the sun altogether. The four whites with one driver went in one large sledge from the second village and traveled for two days along the valley which grew narrower and narrower with every league they advanced. At night they crept into the bottom of the sledge, the dogs lying in a compact mass under it, the snow drifting all about them and keeping them warm.

Arriving at last at the village, which consisted of nearly a hundred igloos, many of them belonging to families and being connected by vaulted passages, the explorers were well received and appointed to one of the larger igloos, having servants to wait upon them. The next day when the sun appeared Harry took an observation and marked his position on the chart, the natives looking on in wonder. None of them had ever seen a white man nor were they able to speak English, their dialect being difficult to understand by the guide who had escorted the explorers to this far-off region.

"We have reached eighty-four degrees, north," said Harry, "the furthest yet recorded, and of these tremendous mountains and this deep valley no mention has ever been made by travelers."

The guide, when questioned about the white man, said that the people of the village had not seen him but that they had heard of him as living far away, still further north, among gigantic mountains, where the people were more numerous and were much larger and stronger than the Innuits.

"Shall we go there?" asked Dick.

"You may find your father there," suggested Jim.

"Yes, let us go, by all means," said Harry. "The further north we go the greater chance there is of finding the Pole."

They remained four days among the Esquimaux, who seemed loath to part with them, and at last set out, accompanied by a fresh guide. After a six days' journey they came to a town built of ice and snow, but composed of high, roomy houses, warm and cozy within, furnished with an abundance of furs, and more comfortable than could have been expected. The people were Esquimaux, but more thrifty than any yet seen, and seemed to understand more about the use of the sextant than the other tribes that Harry had met. The mountain shut the town in on all sides, and rose precipitously to a great height, so that it was impossible to see the sun only at mid-day.

"Eighty-seven north!" cried Harry, excitedly. "Only three more degrees to the Pole! I never dreamed it possible."

"But we can't go any further," said Dick. "The mountains shut the town in on all sides. We can never go over them, and there is no pass through them. We shall have to return."

"And without seeing the strange white man!" said Jim.

"I will not return," said Harry, boldly. "I have set out to find the Pole and I mean to accomplish that or perish!"

"Perishing is the easiest part of it," said Dick, dryly. "Give it up, Harry. The thing is impossible. We have already penetrated far beyond any point previously reached, we have seen wonders that no other white man has seen. Let us be satisfied with that and return."

"No, I will never return till I have discovered the North Pole, till I have seen this mysterious white man that these people all know but have never seen."

"It is but a legend, a myth," said Hattie, "I do not believe that any white man ever came here. Besides, it is impossible to proceed further. We entered the town by a pass, but there is no other, none leading north."

"There must be one!" cried the boy, with intense excitement. "I will not believe it! These people know of the strange white man and say that he lives in the north. He may not be a man at all; probably he is not, more than likely it is a mountain covered with eternal snow, perhaps the Pole itself is on a giant mountain and that I mean to find out."

#### CHAPTER XVI.—A Wonderful Pathway.

The explorers remained ten days in the hyperborean city shut in by the precipitous mountains. Harry had talked with one man and another, mostly by signs, for the language was unintelligible to either him or the guide, and had at last found one, the oldest and wisest of the tribe, who had told him that he had heard of a passage through the mountains, leading northward, by which men had come many years before, but that since it had never been used. By means of drawings and sign writings, which the old man seemed to understand better than anything else, Harry learned that the entrance to this subterranean pass was known to a few, but that it was considered by most of them as the road leading to the abodes of the dead, and was universally shunned. Harry told his companions what he had heard, and said:

"Through this road I am going to the North Pole! Shall I go alone, or will you accompany me?"

"Wherever you go I will go," said Hattie, "even to the end of the world."

On the next day the start was made. Each of the party, even Hattie, bore a pack containing food and extra clothing, and all were provided with stout, steelpointed staves to assist them in walking, the whites having rifles, revolvers and ammunition. They all carried bundles of torches, and each with a flaming stick in hand, they entered the mysterious passage and proceeded upon

their weird journey. For hours they went straight ahead and only paused when obliged to do so for needed rest and food.

"This cannot last forever," thought Dick. "The old man will refuse to go further or the path will end and we shall be obliged to return. Poor Harry, I fear that his desire to reach the North Pole has turned his head."

They rested two hours and then walked on for six or seven, the place being warm enough for comfort and the path generally smooth, although at times it descended at a rather steep grade. They then went on, alternately resting and walking until Harry announced that they had been twenty-four hours in the tunnel and that they must take a longer rest. They ate a hearty meal, and after sleeping fully ten hours, once more set out upon their journey. When another day had passed they were still in the tunnel and no nearer the end apparently than at first. They had been going steadily north, however, Harry declared, and as it was better traveling this way than in a sledge out of doors, there was no reason why they should not proceed.

"But when we reach the outer air again, we shall be many leagues from the Pole," said Dick, "and how shall we make this without sledges and dogs? We can never walk it."

"We will make it, never fear," said Harry.

After another long sleep they again set out. "He has become tired and has turned back," said Dick, "and if we are sensible we will do the same thing."

"But his pack and torches are here," said Harry. "He will return shortly."

Two hours had passed, however, with no sign of the man's return, when Dick, holding up his torch, said:

"See here! What is this drawn on the wall of the passage? Do you not see that here the stone is white? Look! There is something pictured in smoke."

"Yes," said Harry, "I see it."

"It is an old man with a long, white beard. He is running, and behind him is something black and fierce-looking. Yes, it is intended for Death. Do you see in which direction the old man is running?"

"Yes—toward the further entrance of the passage toward his home. I understand it now—our guide has left us."

"Then we must also turn back?"

"No!" cried Harry, fiercely. "I will never turn back!" and catching up the old man's pack and bundle of torches, he dashed forward.

The others were forced to follow him, Dick with a cry of despair on his lips, Hattie in full confidence, and Jim because he could not remain behind. It was nearly half an hour before they caught up with him, and then Dick tried to persuade him to return.

"No," said Harry, firmly, "not till I have seen this mysterious white man that we have heard so much about."

It was useless to try and alter his determination, for he was set upon going on, the words were only wasted upon him. For hours and hours they hurried on and at last Harry said:

The air is getting colder. We are nearing the end of the tunnel. Do you not feel it?"

"Yes," said Dick, who had felt the change.

They kept on till they were obliged to stop for sheer exhaustion, but after partaking of food and resting an hour they set out, Harry being the first to start. The air grew colder and colder as they proceeded, and finally they felt a strong, keen wind blowing towards them which was most difficult to face at times. There was no holding Harry back, however, and the others were forced to follow. At last, after being many hours on the march, they suddenly saw a broad path of clear white light ahead of them, and in a few minutes could see the sky. They hurried on, Harry in the lead, and in a short time left the mountain behind them, coming out upon a broad level plain at the further end of which stood an object which they all looked upon in wonder. It was a great white mountain of most peculiar shape, the upper part towering to the heavens, being the colossal figure of a man seated, with his hands on his knees, looking toward the south.

"The mysterious white man," muttered Dick.  
"The North Pole!" cried Harry.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—A Lost Opportunity.

"To-morrow we will determine our position. It is too bad that the sun disappeared before I could get an observation."

"Yes, but there is time enough. We shall have the sun every day for some time yet."

The explorers had found shelter in a cave in the rocks large enough for all. There was ice all around it, and even its walls were covered with it, but it could be made warm and comfortable and that was a good deal in this desolate land. Harry had intended to take an observation and determine his position, but the sun had disappointed him by disappearing before he could get its latitude. The next day it did not appear at all nor the next, and the explorers began to be anxious. There were not many more days left in which the sun would appear, and Harry was eager to settle the point, that he felt sure of, that he had reached the Pole. Then a severe storm set in and they were obliged to remain in the cave, the snow drifting all about the entrance, but making it warmer by keeping out the wind. They had food and clothing in abundance, they had torches, and it would be a matter of a few days only to return by the subterranean passage through the mountain to their friends and obtain more.

The snow lasted for days, but at last when Harry and Dick dug their way out, making a tunnel twenty or thirty feet long, they found the Aurora blazing above them and the sun gone down for four months.

"It is too bad," said Harry, "but we can return to the strange people on the other side of the mountain and come here again."

They looked for the tunnel through the mountain but could not find it. They saw the giant sitting figure looking up against the aurora and Harry said:

"Well, if we can't find the tunnel we can stay here. We have food enough to last for some time yet."

They made many attempts to find the entrance into the mountain, but all their search was un-

availing. The sun did not appear again, and at times the aurora was blotted out and the blackest darkness prevailed. Whenever the weather permitted they went out for exercise, and also to look for food, as their supply was getting low and must be replenished. Sometimes they found edible moss and on one or two occasions flocks of great screaming birds passed over them and several shots were fired at them, a number of the creatures being killed. The days dragged on into weeks and the weeks into months; but there was a considerable time to elapse before the sun would appear. For a long time the darkness continued, and then the aurora blazed forth in all its beauty. The entire party went out and Harry looked about him with a puzzled air.

"Where is our strange mountain?" he asked.  
"I don't recognize our giant."

"The snow has changed it," said Dick. "There it is yonder."

"No, that is not high enough."

"It must be," said Hattie. "We are looking at it from a different point. It cannot have moved. That would be impossible!"

"Of course, but still that does not look like our mountain."

On this day they came upon an immense flock of birds laying their eggs on the rocks and they were able to secure hundreds of them after the birds had flown away.

"This is a fortunate find," said Harry, "for these eggs will last us for a long time."

"But I did not know before that these birds came to such high latitudes," said Dick.

"We have learned a great many things since we came into this strange land that we did not believe before, and this is one of them."

For a day or so the aurora shone with less brilliancy, and then there was a period of twilight for a few days. Then, to Harry's surprise, for he had not expected it so soon, the sun appeared. He at once flew for his instrument, got the latitude, and waited patiently for noon. There was a period of feverish anxiety while he was making his calculations and no one said a word. Then an expression of wonder and of intense disappointment came into his face.

"I can't make it out," he said. "We are barely eighty-two degrees north. I must have made some mistake."

"Let me see," said Hattie, and she went over the calculations.

"That's all I can make it," she said, at length. "I don't understand it. We were certainly further north than that when—"

"I say look! That is not our mountain!" cried Dick. "Where is it and where is the one we came through?"

"There are no mountains, they are nothing but ice hummocks and stranded bergs," said Jim.

Harry rapidly scanned the horizon.

"We have been deceived!" he cried. "We have encamped upon a floe, our cave is a hole in a berg, not in the rocks. We have been steadily moving without knowing it. We have been and are still going south, further and further every day. The North Pole is behind us, and now we shall never reach it."

"We are going home at last," said Dick.

"Home!" repeated Harry, bitterly; "yes, but we are returning defeated, baffled, when I had

hoped that we would be the first to snatch the prize from this dreary land, to return crowned with honors, but now—well, I am but one more of the legion who have suffered defeat, and the relentless north still holds its secret."

### CHAPTER XVIII.—The Return.

The sun appeared for a longer time every day as time passed and there were evidences that the floe was soon to break up. Harry was greatly cast down by his disappointment, but no one could have foreseen what had happened, and no one was to blame.

"Who could have known that our cave was not a part of the cliff, or that we were not on the solid land?" said Dick. "Who could tell that we were slowly but surely drifting?"

"The mountain looked different," said Jim, "but no one could believe that it was not the same. Then the rocks where we got the birds' eggs were not there before, and yet we never noticed that."

"There is one consolation in it all," said Hattie. "We are going back to the old ship."

"Perhaps not," said Harry. "We may be going down on the other side of the world. The only way we can tell where we are——"

"Is to get the longitude, and that you forgot all about in thinking of the Pole. We are in the western hemisphere, however, for I worked it out; so you see I was right!"

At last there came a day when the solid masses of ice which extended far behind their vision, began to break up, and long stretches of water appeared. Their situation was more perilous than ever, for their floating house was liable to ground and leave them far from land or go to pieces and throw them into the sea. Besides that their supply of food was growing very small and it might be months yet before they found the ship or reached habitable lands. One day there was a warm wind and the ice began to break up worse than it had yet done. A constant cracking and snapping went on, and now and then there would be a great splash and the water would dash high in air as some huge berg, rotten at its base, would topple over, taking a new shape as it rose again. Whales appeared among the ice strewn seas, and Jim hailed them with delight.

"There she blows!" he shouted as he saw one of the Leviathans spout. "My! but if we only had a boat and could go after that fellow!"

"I'd be satisfied if we could hitch on to him and make him tow us back to civilized parts," said Dick. "I've had all I want of Arctic explorations."

One morning they found that their berg had grounded during the night and that a quantity of floe ice had joined to it on the outer side, preventing its drifting off.

"We can't stay here," said Harry. "We must make our way down the coast as rapidly as possible."

"We may not be so far from where we left the ship," said Dick.

"There's the big hill that you saw our smoke from the top of," declared Jim. "I'm sure of it. Ain't you, Hattie?"

"I am sure I can't tell. Everything looks alike in this wild region," said Harry. "What do you say, Dick?"

"It certainly looks like it, but then you might say that of a dozen of the peaks."

"I am certain it is," said Hattie, "and I believe that we shall find the ship in the cove where we left it, and Bilger anxiously awaiting our return."

"Awaiting us? Why, they have given us up for dead long ago."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes."

"Then they may have departed."

"That's what I fear, and we must get away at once."

They all set about packing up their belongings, and getting ready for the long, tedious journey before them. When they were ready they made their way to the land, and started off down the coast, traveling till the darkness and a threatening storm forced them to halt.

"I saw some hills or hummocks ahead of us just now," said Dick. "Perhaps we shall find a cave or hole of some sort. We can't stay out in the storm."

"I saw them myself and they can't be far off," said Harry. "Let us push on."

They hurried on in the gathering darkness and in a short time Jim cried out:

"Hallo! Here is a cave or a hole of some sort! Hallo!"

"Hallo!" cried Harry, for the boy's last exclamation had been a startled one.

He came hurrying back and nearly fell over Harry, exclaiming:

"There's a house there and there are dead men in it."

"What do you mean? A house? You must be mistaken."

"No"; and Jim took Harry's hand and led him forward, the rest following.

They seemed to have come suddenly into a house, there being a table with an oil lamp burning on it, a few chairs, a row of bunks, doors leading to some place beyond and barred windows, the floors being covered with furs while a little stove with no fire in it stood in the corner, its pipe passing through the ceiling above.

"This is part of a ship, the cabin!" cried Harry, "and—why, yes it is, Dick! We have come across the old ship!"

"But there are dead men here; I saw them," said Jim.

In two of the bunks were the bodies of men, frozen to death or dead from starvation. Harry could not at first tell which. The others had entered, and Harry said to Dick:

"Here are two of the mutineers. I wonder where the rest are? Don't you recognize this room? It is the cabin of our old vessel. It must have broken up, and a house has been made of the remains. Some one must return, for the lamp is burning and the door was open. Jim walked right in without knowing it."

"Then we may meet that scoundrel Bullard at any moment. We must not only shut the door but guard it."

"There isn't any door," said Harry, after a hasty examination, "but there is a winding pas-

sage outside. The door has been taken off, probably to use for firewood."

"But there are other doors. We must close the place somehow. It will be impossible to warm it otherwise."

"We can hang up a blanket or some of these furs. Come, give me a hand."

At that instant there was a hoarse cry outside, and in another moment two haggard looking men appeared in the doorway. They were Jock Bullard and Hiram Cutter.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—Conclusion.

"You killed the skipper; you know you did!" hissed Bullard.

"Yes, but you started the trouble. Of course I killed him, but you put me up to it, and now—Ah, look there!"

The two men had suddenly caught sight of Harry and Dick, whom they had not seemed to have seen at their first entrance.

"You!" said Bullard, "I thought you were dead. They said you were."

"No, I am alive! Who said that I was dead?"

"Bilger and the rest."

"Where are they?"

"Gone. I wanted to go with 'em but they would not take me, said they could not trust me. And so you're alive, are—"

"Gone!" repeated Harry; "the whaler gone?"

"Yes, two days ago, and—ha, ha, you're left behind! Good! Somebody else will suffer as well as me! Ha, ha, gone, gone! I'm glad of it!"

Harry drew back and grasped his revolver, for the man had a most fiendish expression, and seemed to be more than half insane.

"Jock!" cried Cutter, putting his hand on the other's arm, "they have food, can't you see, they have the means to keep us alive. They must not—"

"Yes, but you shall not have it!" cried Bullard, fiercely, suddenly springing at Cutter's throat.

The two men struggled with the utmost desperation for several minutes, and then rushed out into the cold and darkness, still fighting like wild beasts. Harry ran to the door and looked out, but could see nothing. In the distance he heard the men's voices, growing fainter and fainter, and at last suddenly dying out.

"They may return," he said to Dick, who stood beside him. "This house is theirs, and we have no claim to it but—"

"There is nothing in it," said Dick. "The last morsel of food has been exhausted. The men in the bunks died of starvation, and only recently, no doubt. In the room beyond are two other bodies, lying on the floor in the cold. There is nothing to make a fire of, unless we take the chairs and tables, or the standing bed places."

"Take them," said Harry. "I will help you remove the bodies. If these men return they must share the place with us for the night, at least."

A fire was soon started in the stove and kept going, the doorway being closed with furs and blankets and the place made comfortable. The two men did not return, although Harry and

Dick waited up for them all night. In the morning their bodies were found half buried in the snow, the fingers of each clutched tightly about the throat of the other. They had paid the penalty of their crimes and now not one was left of the mutinous band who had murdered the captain and set their comrades adrift upon an ice laden sea to find their way unaided to an inhospitable land.

The boys made another discovery that morning. This was the whaler, which had not departed as Bullard had lyingly declared. She was still fast in the ice at some distance and the entire party hurried to join their friends, who welcomed them as beings from another world.

"We gave you up long ago," said Bilger. "Where have you been?"

"To the North Pole!" cried Harry.

"But we can't prove it," said Dick.

"Well; I'm glad to see you, wherever you've been. We expected to get away afore now, but was afraid to and the storm delayed us. We saw Bullard and Cutter three days ago and gave 'em some grub. They wouldn't go with us. They said we'd give 'em up. Did you see 'em?"

"Yes," said Harry, and then he briefly related what had occurred.

It was a week before the ice broke up sufficiently to allow the vessel to leave, for, being short handed, the boatswain would take no risks. They sailed as far as Upernivik, where they were able to pick up three or four Danish sailors and with this welcome addition to their crew, they at last brought the vessel into port. No traces of Captain Browning or his men were ever found, but his share of the cargo was divided between his two children who retained his share in the vessel itself as an income to be drawn upon yearly. Although Hattie and Jim were orphans, they were not without friends, and one of their strongest in one way was Dick Sanford. Upon his arrival at home he learned that inquiries had been made for him, and he finally succeeded in proving himself the son of a wealthy gentleman named Sutcliffe, who had been a passenger on the ship *Dolphin* at the time she was wrecked. He had recently died and proof was wanted of his son's death before the estate could be settled.

Dick, whose name was Robert and not Richard, came in for an immense fortune and the first thing he did with it was to fit out the *Browning* for another voyage for Hattie's and Jim's benefit, and to send his friend Harry to college, whether he went himself, the boatswain, the cook and the two sailors having found comfortable berths on shore. He is now a rich landowner and has ships besides on all parts of the sea, one of them being commanded by Harry Rawdon, now married to Hattie Browning, with Jim as his second mate. The young captain is fully satisfied to stay in sunny waters and cares nothing about risking his life in search of fame at the North Pole, his position as a married man and the head of an interesting family being quite different now to what it was when he was one of the Boy Explorers.

Next week's issue will contain "THE MYSTERY OF THE VOLCANO."

## CURRENT NEWS

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### WATER FROM KING SOLOMON'S POOL

Two of the leading hotels of Jerusalem are supplied with water from King Solomon's pools. These famous pools watered the gardens of the ancient Hebrew ruler 3,000 years ago.

### RECORD LANDHOLDERS

A peasant family has been found in France that held the same land for nine centuries, handed on from father to son since 1023. But in China, south of Peking, a peasant told an inquisitive foreigner that his family has held the same little plot of ground for more than 2,000 years.

### PEARL BEDS DISCOVERED

The Government Inspector of Madras Fisheries is reported as having located no less than twenty miles of pearl oyster beds in the Gulf of Mannar, between Ceylon and the southernmost coast of India. The beds are still young, according to advices received by the Far Eastern Division of the Department of Commerce, and the earliest date of maturity is 1926, but in 1926 extensive operations are anticipated, in accordance with the industrial development policy of Madras, which may restore to some extent India's former pres-

tige in the pearl export trade. The only pearl fisheries of any importance in India at present are along the extreme southern coast and the Mergui Islands, off Southern Burma. The latter are exploited by Japanese divers, and the production enters but slightly into Burmese exports.

### ELECTRIC STORMS ARE DANGEROUS

Professor McArdle of Harvard University recently made public a list of suggestions for action during severe electrical storms. One point that he emphasized was that, contrary to the belief of some people, thunderstorms really are dangerous. He advises people to get under cover but not to stand under a tree during a storm. The human body is a better conductor than the tree and hence would attract the lightning.

His advice consists largely of a series of "don't." Don't stand in an open doorway or at a window near a chimney. Lightning follows air currents to a great extent. Disconnect your radio aerial and ground it before the storm comes. Farmers should not tie cows and horses to a wire fence nor to a tree. He observes that it is unwise to stand in an open doorway and watch the lightning play.

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# Breaking The Record

—OR—

## AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS

By WILLIAM WADE

### (A SERIAL STORY)

#### CHAPTER II.—(Continued).

"If I am going back by the pilot I must hurry, Mark," said Dick, as soon as Trix had gone off with the aunt of the millionaire. "I can't go to Europe when this fellow is not on either steamer."

"How do you know he isn't? Besides, suppose he ain't? Can't you go with me, Dick? You'll have more fun than working on a murder case. And then there is Miss Renton. You are sure of good company, not to mention myself."

"That's all right, Mark, but I must go back with the pilot."

When they went to make inquiries, however, they found that the pilot had already departed long before and everybody was going to bed.

"You can't help yourself, Dick," said Mark. "I've got room in my cabin and you are welcome to it. Besides, the fellow may be on the other steamer after all. He is not sailing under his own name with a murder charge against him; it isn't half the fun of an ocean voyage with Trix Renton and no fussy brother nor conniving mother to interfere. Come on; I'll square things with the purser, and it'll be all right. You won't lose your man."

There was nothing else for it, and Dick submitted to the inevitable and shared the stateroom of his rich friend, knowing that for five days at least he would enjoy the society of a very pretty, most fascinating young lady and that his case could wait.

The next day they found that the other ship was ahead instead of behind them, and there was great excitement, the steamer forging on and making every effort to distance its rival.

Day after day passed, the time going very pleasantly and Dick thinking after all he might let his case go and accept Mark's invitation to travel with him.

From the maiden aunt he learned that the fussy brother of Trix was set on her marrying a friend of his whom she despised, and that this person was on the other steamer and ready to meet them in Europe.

"I'll cut the fellow out," said Dick to himself.

A wireless message to the other ship had failed to locate the man he wanted, and the farther he got from America and the nearer to England, the less he thought about his case.

He was likely to forget all about it and perhaps would have done so but for something that happened when they reached Fishguard, which they did on the afternoon of April 23d, five days and fourteen hours from their departure from New York.

The Megantic had beaten them by an hour or two, and as the Altruria was landing her passengers Dick, standing on the forward deck, saw the very man for whom he had been looking when he started on his involuntary voyage across the Atlantic.

#### CHAPTER III

##### What Happened In Paris.

"There's Horace Ildone now!" gasped the young detective, as Mark came along with his aunt and Miss Renton. "I must not lose a minute. I have no baggage so I have nothing to declare. I will see you later."

"Do you see the fellow with the loud check overcoat on the pier?" replied Mark. "That is Philpot, the man that Miss Renton's brother wants her to marry. She says she will go around the world first, and that's what I am thinking of doing, to break the record."

"All right, go ahead," said Dick, hurrying to the gangplank.

He reached the pier and had the chagrin of seeing the gates to the railway station shut just after his man had passed through them.

Then a special to London whizzed away, and Dick was left to bear his disappointment.

"Confound it all!" he sputtered. "The fellow knows that I am after him, and now he will go I don't know where. I might telegraph to London, but the London police are slow, and while they were discussing whether the case was in their jurisdiction the man would be miles away."

Then Mark and his aunt and Trix came up, and the man whom Mark had pointed out as wanting to marry the girl also approached, saying, with a great deal of effusiveness:

"Upon my word, Miss Renton, this is a positive pleasure. I did not suppose I would see you again for months. Where are your dear papa and mamma and your brother?"

"Potiphar Philpot, the young lady is in my aunt's charge," said the young millionaire, "and has strict orders not to allow any objectionable persons to see her. Hallo, officer!"

He was looking for a Custom House man, but Philpot thought he meant a policeman and went off with an angry look on his red face.

There was very little to be done about the baggage, and as soon as they were out Dick telegraphed to Scotland Yard:

"Detain Horace Ildone; wanted for murder in New York. Somewhat stout, rather good-looking and slightly bald. Wears heavy blue serge suit and light overcoat and derby hat."

"Dodge, Detective, New York."

"That will hold him for a while, I guess," said the young fellow, and then Mark came up and said that there was a train going to London in a few minutes and that he had reserved a compartment for them.

(To be Continued.)

## GOOD READING

## THE LARGEST BELL

A church in Cincinnati, O., claims to have the largest bell in the United States and, next to the one at Moscow, the largest in the world. This bell is 10 feet in diameter and 12 feet high and weighs 30,000 pounds. When it was hung a number of years ago its deep tones shattered windows in nearby buildings and threatened to shake the supporting tower to pieces. Since then it is sounded only by tapping it with a hammer.

## PET BEAR RAN AMUCK

Thomas Pennington, rich San Francisco iron manufacturer, was forced to kill a valuable brown bear that had been a pet at his home for three years when the bulky beast broke his leash and ran amuck.

When the bear entered the dining room of the house he was followed by J. W. Cole, gardener, who was stretched flat by one of the bear's great paws. Bruin was slain by a charge from a shotgun in Pennington's hands.

## ITALIAN GOVERNMENT BUYS COIN

The Italian Government has just purchased the fine collection of coins put together during many years of patient research by the late Commissioner Francesco Gnechi of Milan.

It consists of over 20,000 pieces, of which 900 are gold, and for its richness, beauty, variety and excellent state of preservation it ranks as one of the great numismatic collections of the world. Its gem is a unique exemplar of the gold medal of Theodoric, and it also includes a series of 500 rare medals executed in the three metals, gold, silver and bronze.

## MAKING SKIMMED MILK INTO IVORY

Combining beauty with utility, a material is being made from skimmed milk by a process recently brought to the United States from England. As it is non-inflammable, odorless, and can be drilled, glued and dyed, it has a multitude of uses as a substitute for ivory, ebony, amber, tortoiseshell, horn, and other similar products. Besides, it may be used as an almost perfect imitation of many natural products of great price, among them being Chinese jade and lapis lazuli. A brilliant polish is easily obtained and it can be bent, pressed, and, to some extent, molded, or machined. As it is a non-conductor of electricity, it may be used in making decorative radio and lighting fittings. Also it has been found valuable for ships' cabins, hand-rails, automobile fixtures, and in the making of beads, buckles, buttons, jewelry, fancy ornaments, cigarette holders, combs, brushes, carriage handles, parts of furniture, pencils and penholders, organ stops and piano keys.

## "GHOST" PHOTOGRAPHS

The strange appearance of a photographic image of a small child's head on an ordinary

piece of glass (a clock glass 5 inches in diameter) after it had been silvered to serve as a mirror is reported by E. Robinson.

An expert has reported that the image is evidently of photographic origin, and that it was probably caused by a head being cut from a photograph and pasted on the glass.

The image was transferred to the glass, either by some obscure process resulting from contact, or by the action of light, so that when the photograph was removed and the glass silvered, the head still showed on the glass surface. The expert describes experiments which he tried with photographs attached to a similar glass surface and exposed to an arc lamp for four hours. In these cases when the glass was silvered, after removal of the photographs, the images were quite recognizable.

The exact cause of these images requires further investigation, but here may be one explanation of the "ghost" photographs which from time to time are alleged to have been taken by spiritualists. They may be produced by the use of glass that has been exposed to a strong light under a negative or a picture, and that has had the image transferred to it by light or mere contact.

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# INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

## LOUD-SPEAKER VOICE FOR DRILL SERGEANT

If 250-lusty-lunged sergeants of the regular army should get together and shout "Fall In," in their best drill-ground style, the effect would scarcely equal that of the voice amplifier recently purchased by the Signal Corps and installed in mobile form on a motor truck. The new equipment can be used to handle large bodies of troops, to make speeches and music audible to assemblies, or to supply entertainment received by radio. The apparatus is technically known as a public address system. Sounds are picked up by a high-grade transmitter placed a few feet from the speaker, or near the bandmaster's stand, if music is to be handled. The electrical output of this transmitter is increased about a half-million times.

## RADIO DATA DISCLOSED

E. W. Alexanderson, chief engineer of the Radio Corporation of America, in a recent lecture delivered before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, told that the radio central has six ground connections distributed over a distance of one mile. One hundred and fifty miles of wire are buried in the ground. He pointed out that practical data make possible a general rule that the most economical wave length for communication over a certain distance is about one-five-hundredth of the distance.

It has been found that the speeds in words per minute is directly proportional to the amplitude of the wave. A signal field strength of fifty microvolts per meter corresponds under average conditions to a speed of fifty words a minute.

## THE RADIO COP

Radio-equipped motorcycles have been put into service in the East to cope with automobile bandits. Aerials in the form of a loop are attached to a sidecar which carries the receiving apparatus. Two men are detailed to each machine, one to drive and the other to act as radio operator. By the use of the radio, Police Headquarters are able to keep in touch with each machine and direct its movements.

It has also been found of advantage to fit up the automobiles used by the officers with wireless. Where their work requires lengthy travel, it is often necessary that they be kept advised regarding the happenings in several neighborhoods at the same time. Fire and Police Bureaus employ this means to report or send in alarms in cases of emergency. Where river and water front patrols are used, the radio serves to get needed information from shore offices in the event that their aid is needed in locating the point of trouble.

## WAVE ANTENNA MINIMIZES STATIC

Specialists studying the subject of atmospheric disturbances now recommend a new type of antenna about ten miles long, to minimize the effect of static. Such antennae are used in connection

with several transcontinental stations. They consist of telegraph wire mounted on ordinary poles. It is not turned to any particular frequency, and waves of all lengths travel along the wire with the velocity of light. The Hertzian wave thus starts a wave on one end of the wire. This wave travels along the wire while the original ether wave follows beside it in space, constantly adding energy to the wave on the wire, just as the wind starts a ripple at one shore of a lake and rolls it up to a larger wave as it travels along. The wave intensity in the wire grows and becomes a maximum at the far end of the wire.

On the Atlantic Coast most of the static disturbances, come from the southwest whereas the European messages come from the east. The wave antenna thus separates the signals from the disturbances so that the signal appears at the east end of the wire and the disturbance at the west end. Most of the energy of the disturbance is destroyed by absorption in a resistance at the west end of the wire.

## COUNTERFEIT UV-199 TUBES

It is reported that numerous attempts have been made to counterfeit the UV-199 tube and several imitations are now on the market. In external appearance the bootleg tubes closely resemble the genuine product, making it difficult to detect the difference. The carton markings, instruction sheets and trade marks etched on the tube have been closely copied. However, the electrical characteristics of the two tubes are very different. According to engineers of the General Electric Company, none of the manufacturers of bootleg tubes have been able to duplicate the 60 milliamperes filament, one outstanding feature of the UV-199. Many of the counterfeits require as much as one-fourth ampere. Dry batteries are quickly exhausted when the imitation tube is used.

The General Electric Company has devised a plan for a simple test. Connect three six-inch dry cells in series with the tube to be tested and an ordinary 50 watt Mazda lamp. If the filament of the radio tube does not take more than 60 milliamperes it should light up to almost normal temperature. If the tube is not genuine and the filament requires more than 60 milliamperes the resistance of the Mazda lamp will rise due to the higher current flowing through it and the voltage on the tube will be so low that its filament will not light. In making this test allow the tube to remain in the circuit at least thirty seconds, thus giving the Mazda lamp filament time to heat up to constant temperature.

## SLEEP AND LEARN RADIO

The instructors of the United States Navy have had difficulty in teaching the radio code to some of their students. Apparently certain minds could not memorize the tricky dots and dashes as well as others. Many students were at their wits' ends till some one hit on a brilliant idea.

The subconscious mind has a memory 99 per cent. perfect, whereas the conscious mind is very poor in that department. While man is asleep the subconscious is dominant, the conscious being out of the way for the time being. Well, then, said the instructors, put the men to sleep with phones on their ears and send the code while they slumber. When they wake up they will know it perfectly.

There was a good deal of joshing when the scheme was announced, but listen to the report from Pensacola, Fla., where the innovation was inaugurated:

"When the test was started twelve students were unsatisfactory. After two nights, during which the radio code was sent to these students in their sleep, only two were unsatisfactory, and these two had left the class before the experiment was finished, professing their disbelief."

So the instructors have the last laugh, and many a man who has despaired of ever learning code may take fresh hope.

#### WIRED WIRELESS

Wired Wireless, or the application of radio telegraphy and telephony to power wires and other continuous conductors to form a "guided" system of radio communication as distinguished from the usual "unguided" system, is about to receive a practical test in broadcasting operations. There has been formed an organization for the purpose of broadcasting talks, news, musical numbers and other features over the lighting lines of a power company in the vicinity of New York. The plant is to charge a nominal fee to the electric light consumer for the privilege of listening to the wired wireless programs. The company undertakes to supply a receiving set which may be plugged into any socket or receptacle. A simple receiving set with crystal detector and a pair of ear-phones is supplied at the lowest fee; a single-tube set is supplied for a higher fee; and a three-tube, loud-speaker set complete, giving the same service as a phonograph, is supplied at the highest fee. The tubes are supplied with filament current directly off the lighting current, from the same plug connection that receives the radio energy. Plate batteries or "B" batteries are still employed, since it would require too elaborate an arrangement to do away with them, and the current consumption for the plate circuit is such that "B" batteries last for long periods. The wired wireless programs are to be of a high order, and are to cover a period of some eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. On occasion, the broadcasting station plans to pick up programs from other broadcasting stations and transmit them over the power lines. It so happens that wired wireless has many advantages over the usual "space" radio, among them louder signals and less static interference.

#### DEMONSTRATIONS TO FARMERS

The National Radio Chamber of Commerce, assisted by manufacturers and distributors of radio apparatus, has started a campaign for the purpose of educating the farmers in the practical value of radio on the farm. The importance of this movement to the radio industry may be judged by the fact that one-third the population of the United States live on farms. It is esti-

mated that the farmers possess one-half the country's buying power. The need of weather forecasts, crop and market reports, as well as entertainment and educational talks, furnished by radio, make the agriculturist one of the nation's biggest users of radio.

First-hand information in the form of letters and telegrams received by the National Radio Chamber of Commerce from hundreds of farmers' organizations indicate that the leaders among the farmers are keenly interested in radio as a practical utility.

Manufacturers and distributors of radio equipment are entering into the plan, and are sending out demonstration parties with receiving sets and loud speakers, the Chamber securing for them also the privilege of exhibiting their instruments and taking orders.

Demonstrations so far have been chiefly confined to county picnics. Those in New York State occurring in August have had an estimated attendance of about 160,000. Following the picnics, the county fairs furnish an opportunity to reach the farmers in large numbers. These are beginning now and extend well into the Fall.

The farm is specially adapted for radio, since it is free of great steel structures, which reduce the signal's volume and decrease the distance over which radio music can be heard.

#### COLORS TRANSMITTED BY RADIO

Colors can now be sent by radio.

Mr. Le Roy, the inventor of the apparatus, explains that his process is merely an adaption of the now familiar "telephotography." He has used the ordinary three-color printing principle, by which all colors are reduced to the primaries red, blue and yellow. Combinations of these tones produce the other shades desired. By the use of color filters three plates are made, and when these three are printed on one surface the colors blend to give the wished-for result.

In the transmitting machine a cylinder receives the imprint of the picture through a screen which breaks up the image into tiny dots, exactly as a half-tone is made. These dots form insulating material, so that when the cylinder is revolved a needle in contact with it, which establishes an electric circuit, is forced to break the current whenever a dot appears. These breaks make the sending apparatus transmit corresponding breaks, which are received and transformed into light waves by means of their effects on a delicately balanced mirror. The light waves are printed on a photographic film on a cylinder which revolves at the same speed as the sending cylinder.

Mr. Le Roy simply tripled this process. He made three sending cylinders, one of which printed only the red parts of the picture, one the blue, and one the yellow. He sends these three cylinders in succession; they are received, the films developed, and the three results superimposed. The result is the same as in the three-color printing process, and when printed under color carbons the tints and hues appear exactly as they were at the sending end.

Now if some genius will only let us receive the actual images of actions, such as baseball games and races, the radio life of the world will be complete, and man can stay at home without missing anything that goes on in the world about.

## PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1923

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## HEN LAYS THREE EGGS A DAY

A hen which laid three eggs in a single day is owned by Henry Ward, Tiffin, O., printer. The hen, a barred Plymouth Rock, made this record recently, laying one egg shortly after daybreak, another at noon and a third in the afternoon. A trap nest used by the hen attested the accuracy of the record.

## SISTERS GET PRIZES AS PIG BREEDERS

Grace Wilson, twelve, of Bloomville, O., who last year won the county pig contest, repeated recently when she was voted the champion raiser of Seneca County. The award was made at the county fair. Her pig scored 92.7 points. The prize is a trip to the Ohio State fair. Her sister, Lucille Wilson, won second place with one point lower.

## PAYS \$5,000 FOR BRANCH OF TREE

Pruning shears of Lewis Mood spared a branch while he was trimming his apple orchard in Farrell, N. J., several years ago. By one of those rare tricks of nature that particular branch bore apples different from those on the rest of the tree. The other day leading horticulturists from fifteen States closely inspected the apple and declared that Mood had accidentally discovered a new variety.

The parent tree bears apples striped with red and green. The new apples which developed on a single branch are a deep dark red and have no stripes. The visiting horticulturists found Mood's tree in a big wire cage erected a year ago to protect it after a large nursery company had paid him \$5,000 for the single branch bearing the new fruit.

Fruit experts said that there is no question that a most promising new variety of apple has been discovered. As this apple is to be further tested out, the public will learn little about it for another year or two. It has not yet been given a name.

## HOW SNAKES ARE CHARMED

The secrets of snake-charming are much simpler than most people imagine. The snakes to be handled are gorged with food until they become drowsy, or else they are drugged so that their senses are dazed. Sometimes they are kept in ice boxes, and the cold puts them in a semi-torpid condition. In either case the snakes are only half alive. In handling the reptile, the hand must always grasp it at certain places where the head can be guided and held from the body. This is the hardest thing to learn, but, like everything else, it comes with practice. By dint of dexterity and strength, the snake is easily passed from one hand to the other and is allowed to coil about the body. The snake charmer, however, must always be on the alert. When the snake becomes too lively, it is put back in the ice box. In handling a reptile with the fangs in one requires great strength, as the strain on the system during the performance is very considerable. The grasp and movements must be precise and accurate. There is no room for hesitancy or uncertainty. Most of the snakes handled, however, are harmless, so far as poisoning is concerned.

## LAUGHS

Lady (at piano)—They say you love good music. Youth—Oh, that doesn't matter. Pray go on.

Visitor (lifting little Irene)—Goodness, Irene, but you are solid! Little Irene—Course I am. Did you think I was plated?

Mamma—Teacher tells me you were naughty in school to-day. Why did you not tell me yourself? Tommy—Why—er—you always told me not to tell tales out of school.

"Going to America, Pat?" "Yis, sor, an' I've got to get there soon, too." "Why so?" "Me cousin in Chicago had me nominated as alderman, an' I must lave Ireland in time to take me sate in the common council."

Facetious Traveler (poking his head out of the car window)—What place is this? Native (leaning against the depot)—Paradise, Kentucky, suh. Facetious Traveler—It is, eh? Well, this is how far from where? Native—Half a mile from the distillery, suh.

Little 'Rastus came home from school one day and asked: "I say, paw, why does dey allus put D. C. after Washington?" "Why, chile," replied the old colored man, "I's surprised at yer ignorance. Doan' yer know dat D. C. means dat Washington wuz de daddy ob his country?"

The foreman was going from one man to another with a sheet of paper in his hand. When he came to Sandy McKie he said: "Sandy, this is a subscription to get a wreath for Jim Lomond, who died last week. All your workmates have given a dollar each toward it." "Och, mon," replied Sandy, "that'll make me and Jim square noo. He owed me a dollar, onwyay."

## INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

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### NEW COUNTERFEIT \$20 NOTE

The Federal Reserve Bank has sent out a warning against a new \$20 counterfeit note. The note is drawn on the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco and described as follows: Check letter "C"; plate No. 55, Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury; John Burke, Treasurer of the United States; portrait of Cleveland.

The note is a photographic production on two pieces of paper, between which silk threads have been distributed, and the work is so poor, especially in the portrait of Cleveland, that a detailed description, the bank explains, is unnecessary.

### COST OF FUEL MAY RESTORE WINDMILLS TO USE

With the cost of coal going higher and higher each year and the strikes of miners making it almost impossible to obtain coal at any cost, the question of power is becoming a pressing one. Electricity depends upon coal, unless it be hydroelectricity, in which case it finds its source in water power. And water power depends upon hills and valleys and rivers. For the flat, open country that is devoid of rivers, water power offers no solution.

Wind goes everywhere and no one owns it or can make any charge for its use. The odd thing is how little use we make of it. A hundred years ago the windmill was a familiar sight all over the country and especially in England. To-day, the only windmills one sees are those on steel towers used here and there for pumping water from deep wells. Why is it that we do not still employ this free gift of Nature? For one thing, wind is inconstant and coal has been comparatively cheap until recent years.

### ASLEEP IN SHAKESPEARE'S ARMS

Fast asleep in the arms of the big statue of Shakespeare that adorns the Forbes street entrance of Carnegie Music Hall, Pittsburgh, the book that is a part of the statue forming part of his bed, a man was observed by pedestrians and automobilists passing in Forbes street about 9:30 o'clock the other day. After the sleeper in his strange "bunk" had attracted considerable attention, some one notified the police at the Oakland station.

When Policemen M. Callen and J. Fallon of the patrol crew and Motorcycle Patrolman H. Hyer went to investigate, they found they could not get the man down from his high perch without mechanical aid, but the task was accomplished after they procured two 15-foot step ladders. A big crowd gathered and watched the operation of sliding the man down to the street. How he managed to climb into the arms of the statue, or when, the police did not learn.

The police took the man to the Oakland Police

Station, where a charge of drunkenness was placed against him. He said he was Thomas Sullivan of Edmond street.

### IT TAKES MONTHS TO MAKE A DOLLAR

More than \$20,000,000 in greenbacks and \$1,000,000 in stamps are made by the United States Government every day. Such great care attends the printing of notes that thirty days are necessary to complete the processes to which one simple bill—\$1 or \$10,000—is subjected. Although millions of dollars pass through the plant daily and are left openly on desks, not a single guard is placed over the money, nor are employees searched. Instead, a rigid system of accounting is enforced, the notes being counted fifteen times and the stamps ten before being sent out. Should a shortage be discovered the plate printer and those who handled the bills must replace the amount of the missing notes. Most of the greenbacks are one and two dollar notes. The \$10,000 note is the largest made, but there are only a few of them in circulation. Stamps, requiring less attention than the bills, come from the presses at the rate of 40,000,000 a day. While most of them are ones and twos, the Government turns out some at \$5.

### GEESE THAT WEAR SHOES

Certain cities of Europe have been at one time or another famous for an odd reason, and that is for their geese, though there were other seasons for their fame.

Rome, according to an old story, was once saved by geese that cackled when invaders climbed over the wall. The city of Strasburg is known all over the world for the flocks of geese that are still seen there, and for the dish called "pates de foie gras," which the geese supply. But Vilna in Russia has the strangest story of all to tell about geese, for Vilna raises a great many geese for market, and it is the custom to drive to Warsaw, many miles away. So, to make the geese more comfortable on their long journey, the farmers give them shoes.

It would be difficult to guess how these shoes are put on the geese, with their funny three-cornered feet. Do the shoes have fingers and thumbs like mittens? Are they all in one piece like Western shoes? Are they sandals with a strap over the big toe? No, they are shoes made to fit the feet of the geese exactly, and the funny part of it is that the goose makes his own shoes. The farmer only helps.

First the farmer gets a barrel of tar, soft and sticky, and spreads it out over the ground in a small inclosure, right next to another, where the ground is covered with fine sand. Then he drives the geese through the tar and into the sand. The tar covers the feet comfortably without pinching anywhere, and the sand sticks to it. Presently it all becomes hard together, and the sand and tar boots are ready to go to Warsaw.

## HERE AND THERE

## BURNING GAS TO MAKE ICE

Burning gas to make ice sounds impossible, but that is what a device designed for use in connection with small refrigerators does. Placed in the basement, it will furnish refrigeration for three flats. The gas flame under a tank vaporizes a chemical that passes through several coils and extracts the heat from the refrigerators. Then it passes back to the tank, where it is again vaporized, and travels the same route as before. The operation of the machine is automatic, there are no moving parts, and it is perfectly silent. Once set at the temperature desired in the ice box, it requires no more attention. Besides, as the refrigeration is perfectly dry, it prolongs the life of the ice box indefinitely and keeps food pure and sweet for a longer period than is possible with ice. As there is practically no loss of the chemical used, the machine continues to operate as long as the flame remains lighted, and there are no parts to oil or adjustments of any kind to be made by the user.

## TO EXCAVATE PUEBLO VILLAGE

Neil M. Judd has gone to the Chaco Canyon, N. M., to resume explorations of the most important prehistoric ruin in the United States. Mr. Judd is director of the Pueblo Bonito expedition of the National Geographic Society. In a few days teams will be hauling away stones and earth. A canyon which has been deserted for an unknown period of time will hum with the sounds of industry. This Pueblo Bonito was an aboriginal apartment house containing 900 rooms and is four stories high. There is a single outer wall all around it, but the pueblo is semicircular, with a long row of one-story houses connecting the wings. Forty rooms are on the ground floor and cover an immense space. This house would accommodate from 1,500 to 2,000 persons. The question now is, where was the water supply, and where the forest which supplied the timber for the huge beams? Mr. Judd has been three years on his job and will stick to the end, when success will crown him.

## IT'S THE WOLF IN A DOG THAT HOWLS

Why does a dog howl? Science says it's the strain of wolf blood in the canine that causes the sound. Just as a reasonable human being, under the influence of some violent emotion, will sometimes give way to a primitive instinct which would shock his reasonable normal self, so the best trained dog will occasionally revert to the savagery of his ancestor, the wolf. For the far-off father of all the dogs that live to-day is the wolf. Different varieties have gone their different ways, as nature wrought changes in appearance of the different types, according to their needs.

The pointer is only an exaggerated instance of man's improvement on nature. Every dog pauses before his spring; man selected to breed from the

dog which paused longest, and so in time arrived at a dog which pointed and didn't spring at all. The greyhound is another instance; for his particular job he needed little scent and little brains, but perfect eyesight and speed. By selecting only those dogs which possessed these qualities the present type was reached. But every dog, wherever he lives or whatever use man is making him, come from the common source, the wolf.

Exactly as a man will often raise his head in unconscious imitation of his caveman forbear, so your pet dog will at times show the instincts of his parent wolf. His instincts may even carry him to the point, if he be a shepherd dog, where he will kill the sheep he has so faithfully watched. Watch your dog turn round and round before lying down by the fire, just as the wolf makes himself a lair; listen to him howl, as the wolf howls.

The cultivated domestic dog barks, but exactly as man sometimes reverts to his instincts, so the best of dogs will sometimes forget that he is a dog, and urged on by the strain of wolf that is within him, will lift up his nose—and howl.

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## RADIUM EGG TESTER

It is a great waste of nest space or incubator space to put under the hen or in the incubator eggs which are not fertile, and where eggs are sold as sittings it is obviously very detrimental to a firm's reputation to allow unfertilized eggs to go out in the sittings they supply, says a correspondent. Various appliances have been patented for testing the fertility of eggs, and one of the most recent inventions of this nature is the radio-electric egg tester, which has been perfected by Messrs. Harry Hebditch, Ltd., the Poultry Appliance Works, Chard, Somerset, England.

This egg tester consists of a case of solid oak, varnished and polished. The aperture for the eggs is defined by three radium points, enabling testing to be carried on in the dark, which insures great accuracy.

The egg, when placed in position, automatically switches on the light, thus allowing both hands of the operator to be free and the testing to be carried out rapidly. The electric lamp is attached to the base of the case, the current being supplied by flash-lamp battery.

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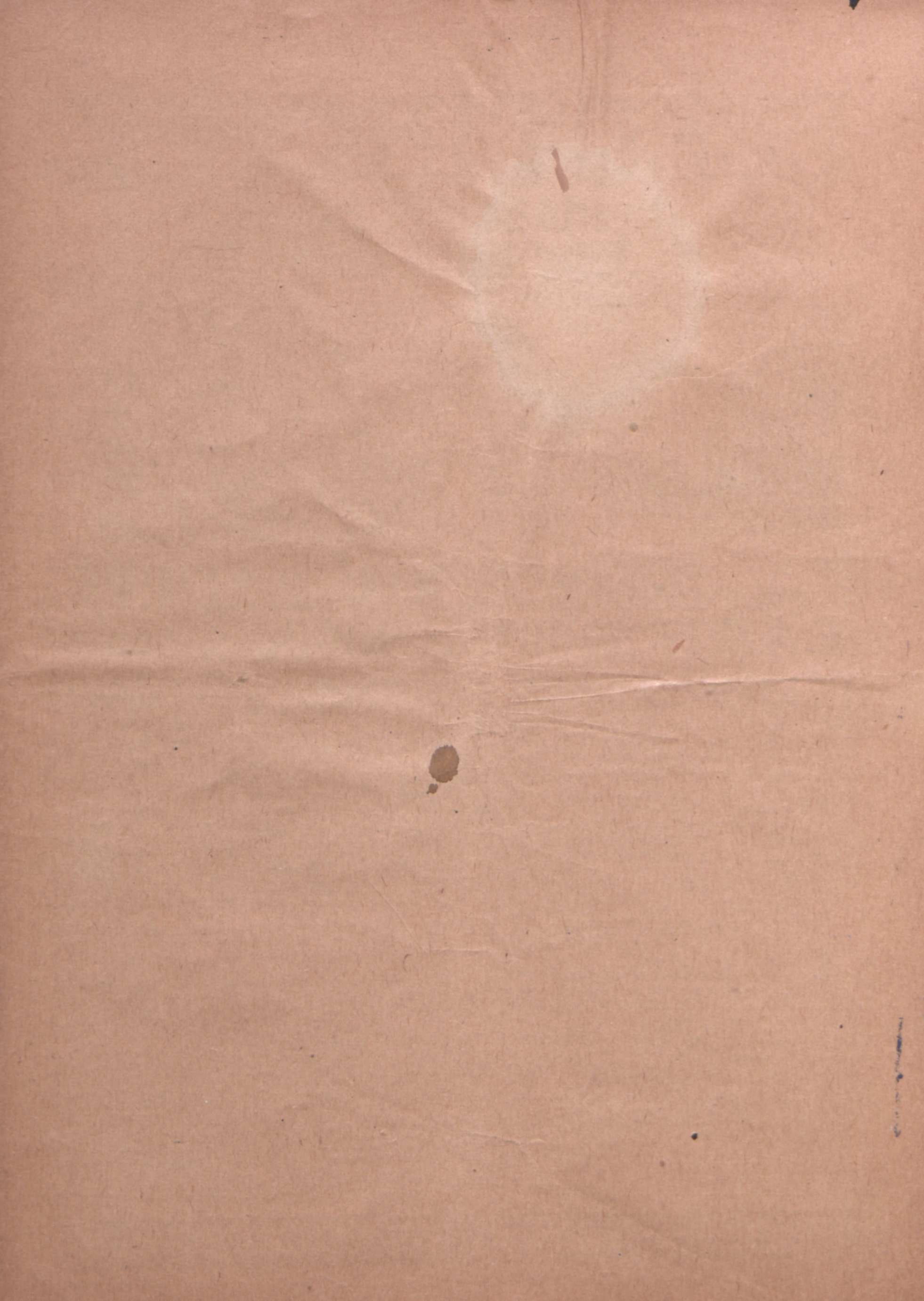
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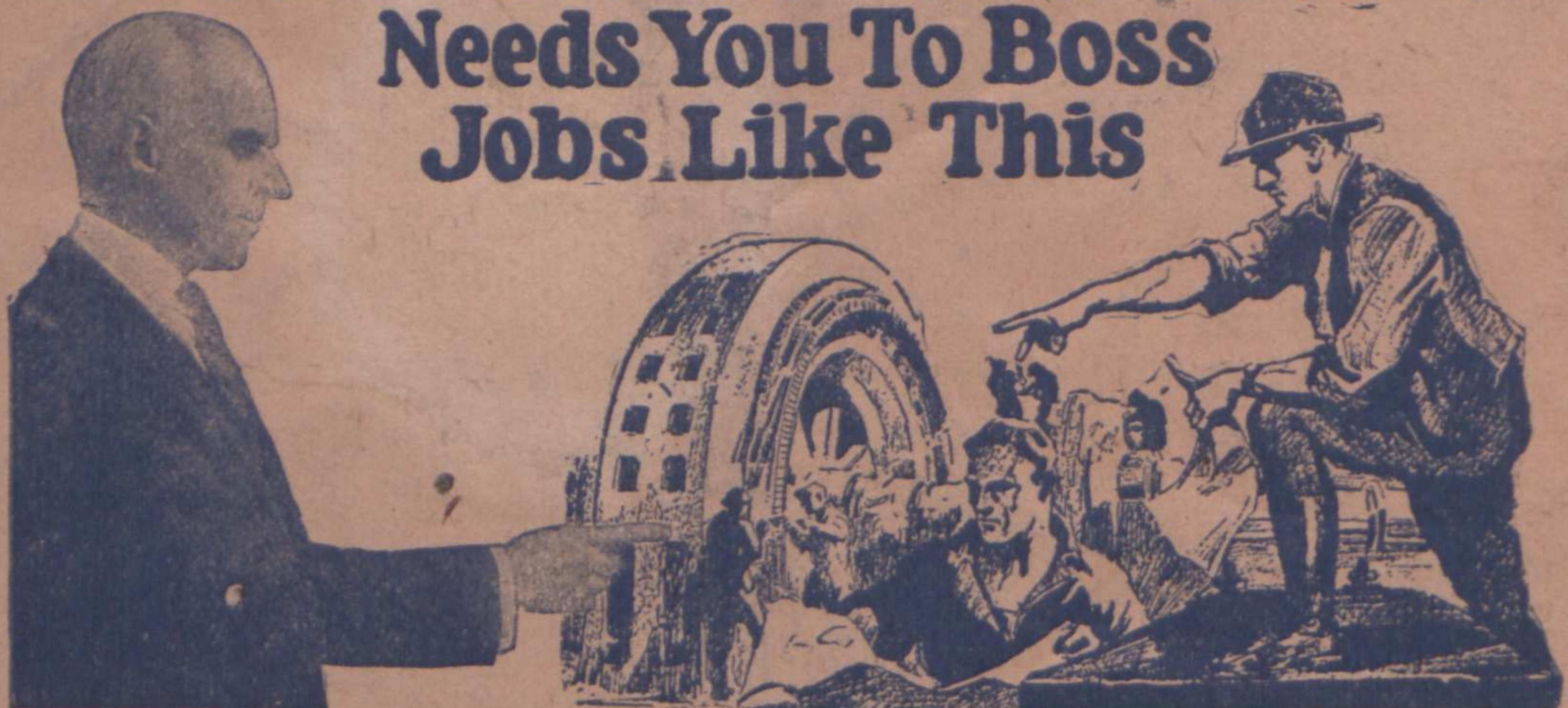
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